Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

Then my mother went away, and left me with a furnished house. I rented this to a family for my mom and board. I secured work for my spring, winter, and summer vacations, and in a little more than four years I had paid for the house, my method being to pass my pay envelop, received for teaching, each month, unopened, toward my mortgage, using the rent from my own house to pay the rent of the house I occupied, depending entirely upon extra work for all other necessities.

It was not easy. Many a time in those four years I was heart-sick for some of those little luxuries my associates were enjoying. But I stuck. I had my start, and my ambition was fired. I kept on saving and working, never turning down any opportunity to increase my income. My school salary was increased to $360, then to $425. I soon had enough to buy a lot in a good location. Then the same good doctor put up a two-flat house for me at a cost of $5500.

Then I married and occupied one of the flats. My husband has never received more than the ordinary wages of a small town carpenter, often having no work for many months in the winter. We have two boys. Yet, by making our own repairs as far as possible, we have with our rent money been able to enlarge and improve our houses until at present they are furnishing us with a modern home with all conveniences, and in addition bringing us in an income of one hundred dollars a month.

I am now about to make my best investment. For next year I am going to send my oldest boy away to school, on the rent of the cottage alone, at an expense of six hundred dollars a year.

There is no telling where that investment will end. H. C. B.

Keeping the Doctor in the Family

I AM the youngest of eight children. We lived several miles from school. Father thought education unnecessary, and as soon as we could we went to the city to work in the mills. Father let us keep our money, but insisted we should bank every cent not needed for our living. We went nowhere but to church.

When I was eighteen I could earn two dollars a day and had two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank. I boarded with my brother. He had six children, and was anxious for them to take care of themselves. Esther, the oldest, was two years younger than I. I agreed to pay the bills if her parents would only let her graduate from high school.

After Esther's graduation she went to work in the mill with me. She hated the work, and one day I found her crying. She said if she thought she would always have to work in the mill she would die. She said she wanted to be a doctor.

We talked to her father and mother about letting Esther study medicine. It was no use.

Then an idea struck me. My folks were always saying, "Get a little money and invest it, and then watch it grow."

I would invest my money in Esther. For the next six years I knew only of my work and Esther. She came out with a "Dr." to her name, and I had nothing. She started general practice, and I married. My husband had saved three hundred dollars and earned two and a half dollars a day. I still earned about two dollars for a year after I was married. We then took our savings, furnished a home, and went to housekeeping. My doctor gave me fifty dollars for a present.

When my first baby was three months old, my doctor came to take me for a ride. She said she could pay a dividend of $500 and wanted me to go look at a house she could buy for that much down, and we could pay the rest at $15 a month—what we were paying for rent.

Two years later, when my second daughter was born, my doctor said she could pay another dividend of $500 and had a house built on our lot beside our house. It rents for eighteen dollars a month, and we paid the rest of it with the rent. When my little son was born, my doctor said: "Oh, a boy this time! I will pay an extra dividend. I have bought you the apartment-house on Chester Street for $1000 down. It is rented for $60 a month, and you can pay the balance that way."

Four years later another son was born, and another dividend of another $1000 came, with another building, the rent to pay the balance. My husband lost his hand and has not worked in the shop for two years, but my investment pays me $1500 a year in rents, and has changed the theme of my relatives. For now they say, "Stay in school as long as it is possible to do it." Out of nineteen nieces and nephews seventeen have gone through high school and eleven are in college.

M. A. O.

An Investment that Earned 1000 Per Cent

WHEN I was a small boy, father induced me to do all sorts of errands by promising me the nickels, dimes, and quarters he might find in mule tracks. We lived back in the country where mules were uncommon and the finding of coins in their tracks entirely improbable. However, hope assured me that sometime and somewhere those coins would be found.

In February of my eleventh year the presiding elder of the little Methodist church near our place came to hold a quarterly meeting. On the way home I learned that he was going to dine with us. He came up, driving a sleek span of black mules, which he tied to a post.

After dinner and prayer the elder declared that he must hurry on his way to Bethel, ten miles away, where he would hold evening services. One of the mules stood docile while being loosened; but not so with the other. No sooner was her hitch-strap loosened than she began to rear, snort, and plunge, swinging the preacher about as a child swings a jumping jack at the end of a string. The elder was courageous and held on until she was quiet. I brought his hat and one celluloid cuff, which I picked up several yards away.

When the mules and driver were out of sight, father turned to go to the house.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Look here, son. See what I have found."

I went to him and saw more than a handful of small bright coins lying scattered about in the mule tracks.

I reminded father of his many promises. He chuckled and helped me gather up the money and deposit it in my hat. There was six dollars and forty cents.

The next morning father and mother started to the Bethel neighborhood to give the elder a different six dollars and forty cents, while I remained at home, having a special invitation to take dinner with our neighbors, the Joneses.

After dinner, Mrs. Jones, who had heard about my good luck, asked if I did not want to buy a hog. She had a sow that she would sell me for six dollars. I counted out the six dollars in nickels, dimes, and quarters. Mrs. Jones and her dog, Shep, helped drive the sow to our barn-yard.

"What in the world is that old sow doing here?" were father's first words, on driving into the barn-yard that afternoon.

I responded with pride: "I bought her. Bought her for six dollars!"

"Bought her! Bought her for six dollars!" he scolded angrily. "She is the worst chicken-killing old beast in the country."

In a moment a smile began to play at the corners of his mouth.

"Well, drive her to the back wood lot. There are plenty of acorns and no chickens in the woods."

For many nights thoughts of that old sow haunted me. I would not go into the wood lot. But time will heal wounds; so by the middle of May, while returning one Saturday afternoon from the swimming hole in the back field, I ventured across the wood lot.

While passing through a thicket I was startled by a scurrying of pigs in all directions. Across an opening, that old sow—my old sow—was galloping, with thirteen round, plump pigs at her heels.

I hurried home to tell father and mother what I had seen. Father smiled and remarked that there were good prospects for corn. He also glanced over at Mrs. Jones, who was at that moment calling the calves.

One evening in September, at the supper-table, father took out his purse and counted out thirteen five-dollar bills. He shoved them across the table to me, saying:

"Here is the money for the pigs, son. You keep the sow. I guess she killed chickens because she had nothing else to eat."

After counting and recounting those bills, I passed them on to mother, who hid them somewhere in the folds of her skirt. It was the result of my first investment, and I had profited more than a thousand per cent. T. F. K.

On Seeing Judge Hughes at Work

A COMMENT you constantly hear about great men is this: "I wonder how he manages to get so many things done. He has only the same number of hours in a day as any other man, and yet he seems able to turn off twice as much work. What's the secret of it?"

Well, there are two secrets. In the first place, it is indisputable that some men are born with a greater capacity for achievement than others, and by hard training are able to lengthen that lead even more. But it is not true, in the second place, that the average man has just as many hours in his day as the great man.

"I have worked an average of twelve hours a day for more than twenty years," said Daniel Webster. And the more you see of great men, the more you realize that they slip in a lot of good, solid work at odd times when no one is looking—in the time that other men waste.

All of which is inspired by a glimpse of Judge Hughes at work. It was yesterday, on the Twentieth Century Limited. We average men were just making our leisurely way in to breakfast—and thought we were up fairly early at that. Passing through one of the cars, we happened to glance in at the open door of a state-room; and there sat the Judge, a pile of papers on a table before him. He had had his breakfast long before, and was buckled down to the day's job.

A very interesting period of the day, which few men ever discover, is the little stretch between 6 and 8 A. M. How many stories of success could those two hours tell!

Are Ministers Good Business Men?

I HAD been preaching since I graduated from the theological seminary in 1875, until a year ago. In that time I saved $17,000 out of a salary that did not average over $800 a year and free use of a parsonage. One of my two children went through a first-class high school; the other graduated from medical college.

Now, how did I manage to save any money? When I graduated from the seminary I was $150 in debt. I married a wife and set up housekeeping at an outlay of forty dollars. Then I received a call to a church at $600 a year.

My wife and I resolved not only to live within our income, but to save at least $150 a year. We adopted the following rules:

1. Pay cash for everything. 2. Save the fragments. 3. Sign no bonds or securities for any one, and ask no one to sign any for us. 4. Keep a daily expense account. 5. Put into the bank at least twelve dollars a month regularly. 6. Give one tenth of our income to benevolent and church work.

In the first seven years we saved $900, paid off the $150 debt, and bought in a Western State eighty acres of land for $700, selling it later for $850. We lent this money at 7 per cent. interest.

At this time I took out life-insurance policies for myself and my wife, at an expense of seventy-five dollars a year, and bought ten shares of Building and Loan Association stock at fifty cents per share a month. At the end of exactly ten years this stock had matured and I received $1000. With this money and the money I had on interest I bought eighty acres of land. At the end of six years I sold it at an advance of $1400. I kept on paying fifty cents a month into the Building and Loan Association, and by the time the second certificate had matured, the twenty years' insurance policies had also matured, and we received from the insurance company $2300 and from the Building and Loan Association another $1000. With this $3300 and the $3000 I received for my eighty acres, I bought a half section of land. The income from this farm netted me 6 per cent. interest on the investment clear of all expenses. After holding it five years I sold it at an advance of nearly $5000.

My money is now invested in real estate first mortgages and Building and Loan stock. We own a nice house in a live town. We have plenty of land for a garden, which produces most of our fruit and vegetables. I have now retired from the active work of the ministry, and the income from our savings gives us a comfortable support. A. A. C.

An Investment for a Soldier

THE best investment I ever made was when, at the age of seventeen, I was a private in Company K, 142d New York Infantry, during the Civil War. Being detailed to act as a guard for a wagon train conveying provisions for the army, I noticed that there was a great waste of feed corn, owing to the carelessness of the muleteers after feeding their teams. I mentioned the fact to the quartermaster. He laughingly told me I could have all the corn left by the mules, after feeding, for my own use.

During the march I saved fifty-five sacks of corn. When we reached Raleigh, North Carolina, where we parked for several weeks, I took the corn to a mill and had it ground into meal, giving the miller one quarter of the meal for grinding. I then employed several negro women to bake the meal into what was termed hoe-cakes, consisting of cornmeal, salt, and water, made an inch thick and six inches in diameter.

The soldiers in camp there, General Terry's command, had plenty of money and were hungry for a change of diet. I sold the corn cakes for one dollar each, realizing $1142. I sent the money to my mother, who resided in New York City, requesting her to invest the money in real estate. This she did, in a place called Harlem in the city of New York, paying $900 for three lots twenty-five by one hundred feet each. I kept them until I was twenty-five years of age, when I had a good offer, sold the lots for $2850 each—a gain of $7650.

After deducting taxes and other expenses from the original $1142, I had a total of $8073 left, all from saving the corn that was being wasted. G. P. T.

Torpedoed Twice in Fourteen Days

The Story of Ed Ellis, Who Holds the Record for Submarine Bad Luck

As Told to S. SPENCER SCOTT

I WAS home on a visit in Pensacola, Florida, where my mother lives, when the *Centurion* put in for a cargo of lumber. Having had a good rest, and being anxious to get to sea again, I went down to the wharves and found out that the *Centurion* sailed the next day, bound for Liverpool. I returned home, packed my gear in my sea bag, said good-by to my mother, and joined the ship three days after Christmas, the twenty-eighth of December, 1916.

The *Centurion*, under Captain Jones, was a three-masted square-rigger of 1828 gross tons, not a half-bad ship; and with good winds, a month later, we arrived at Liverpool. However, orders awaited the captain telling him to proceed to London to unload, and after taking on fresh water and stores we set sail. Reaching the English Channel, we found an unfavorable wind with a rough sea running, and, putting out just enough canvas to keep her steady, we cruised around for fourteen days waiting for a head wind.

On the twentieth of February, about 11:30 A. M., we were about fifty miles off the Lizard Light; I was at the wheel in the stern of the ship, when I saw a small craft about three miles off our starboard bow. I reported a suspicious craft to the skipper, who looked through his glasses and said she was an English submarine running awash. About three minutes later he changed his mind when a shell went whizzing over our bow. The captain looked again through his glasses, and reported a German submarine flying the German war flag.

All hands were called on deck; the starboard watch clewed up the mainsail in order to heave to. The captain then ordered the starboard watch to make ready the life-boats and stand by to abandon ship. By this time the submarine had come up close to us and was not more than forty yards away. The submarine captain came out of the conning-tower and in broken English asked who we were and where we were bound. He then told our captain to bring the ship's papers and his crew and row over to the submarine.

We did this, and, coming alongside of the U-boat, the captain of the submarine directed our skipper and part of the crew to climb on the deck of the under-sea craft. After we had done this, the submarine captain picked out two German sailors from those on deck, and gave them eight bombs, together with instructions in German which I did not understand.

Turning to the four of us who remained in the life-boat, he told us to row his two sailors back to our ship and return in ten minutes or he would shoot our skipper and everyone one of our crew.

While on our way back to our ship, one of the Germans asked us in English for a smoke; we gave him some cigarettes, and, hearing that he could speak English, we asked him about the war.

All he said was that we were the third ship they had sunk that day, and that he wished the war was over.

When we reached the ship they made us come aboard and show them around. They first went up to the fo'castle and placed a bomb there. While here I grabbed my clothes and stuffed them into my sea bag. The German sailors smiled and said it was all right. They then put a bomb in hatch number one and in all the other hatches. Finally, going into the captain's room, they took the ship's flag and placed the last bomb in the skipper's bunk. We then rowed them back to the submarine, where the Germans got out and our skipper and the rest of our crew got into our life-boat.

The captain of the submarine gave our skipper directions how to steer to reach land, wished us good luck, and in a minute or two they had submerged.

By this time the *Centurion* had drifted quite a distance away, and as we started to row, according to the directions given us, there was a terrific explosion, followed by another and another. The hatches blew high into the air and the *Centurion*, rent asunder, slowly settled into her unmarked grave.

At first a good many of the men thought it was a great lark; it was the first time that any of us had been torpedoed. We laughed and sang chanteys as we rowed, but as the hours wore on the men became quiet. At four o'clock we sighted some smoke off on the horizon, and pulled for all our might, while two of our crew put white shirts on oars and held them high in the air. After rowing for a half-hour, the smoke disappeared and we again returned to the long, steady pulls of despair.

EVERY day you read that the steamship So-and-so was sunk by a submarine, and the crew turned out in open boats to live or die as they can. Have you ever thought about the men that make up those crews? What sort of chaps are they? How can they bring themselves to go to sea, time after time, in the face of so much danger?

Here in the story of Ed Ellis, who holds the record of having been on two ships in succession, which were torpedoed within fourteen days. It gives you an interesting sidelight on a class of men who, without publicity or glory, are doing a very courageous and stirring part in winning the war. THE EDITOR.

As we had eaten nothing since breakfast, we were all beginning to get hungry, and so the captain decided to open up the water and biscuits. Our meal being over (it consisted of two hardtack apiece and some stale water), the skipper told us off into watches of twelve each, there being twenty-four of us including the captain, and as it was already dark, we settled down for the dismal cold February night. Once during the night the lookout called out, "Ship ahoy three points on our port bow." All the crew were awake in a minute and Captain Jones sent up a night rocket, but there was no reply, and soon we were again resigned to our fate.

To tell of the scanty fare and the weary hours would only tire you. For twenty-four men to subsist on one life-boat's stores is not pleasant. However, after thirty hours of ceaseless watching we sighted a small boat, and, after signaling them frantically, were answered. Evidently they were very suspicious of us, for they sent out their dory far ahead of them, and, after making inquiries of Captain Jones, told us to pull for their boat. The boat turned out to be the English sea-going tug *Bureaucrat*. We came alongside and boarded her. And, believe me, I made immediately for the fire-room to get thawed out. The captain of the *Bureaucrat* ordered a messand hot tea for us. It was our first meal in thirty-six hours. The *Bureaucrat* landed us at Falmouth, and a happier crew never was landed.

From Falmouth I went to London, where, after I had gotten my pay and bonus, I decided I would look about for a while, but found London a very dreary war-time city. I then made up my mind to ship for the States and quit the sea for a time. In these days it is not hard to find a ship, and without much trouble I learned that the *Eastpoint*, a tramp steam vessel of eight thousand gross tons owned by Furness and Whitte, was leaving for Philadelphia. I shipped on her as quartermaster on the seventh of March, and on the eighth we sailed. Little did I know that my voyage on her would be short.

On March ninth, only the day after leaving London, at dark, 6 P. M., we were twenty miles off the Eddystone Light, when, without warning or a soul on board sighting a thing, there was a terrific crash which shook the ship from stem to stern, ripping a hole in her forward starboard side, right below hatch number two.

There was a panic on board as the ship began to settle down by the head. The engineers and oilers rushed up on deck and we hastily cut away the life-boats. I got into number three on the starboard side, and by the time we cut away the forward falls and painter, we were dangerously close to the ship's stern. It was then that I realized that in the excitment the engineers had failed to shut off the steam, for I could hear the giant propeller swishing the water as the boat's head continued to go down. One of the men in the boat grabbed an oar and tried to push away from the ship's side. Fortunately, we succeeded in pushing our stern out, but the head swung in, and the still fast-moving propeller came down on us, smashing our bow into a thousand pieces. Our life-boat, with her bow stove in, filled rapidly, and the first thing I knew I was swimming for my life away from the ship's stern. A second later I heard a deafening roar, followed by another explosion as the boilers let go.

This was lucky for me, as it blew a lot of wreckage into the water, and I climbed on a piece of the bridge that was floating near me. I saw another head bob up, and gave him a hand to get on my improvised raft. We then looked toward the *Eastpoint* and saw her make her final plunge, with a death-rattle that sounded almost human. When we saw the other boats sending up flares, we hallooed, and were answered with the welcome news that another ship was in sight.

Within half an hour we were rescued by an English patrol boat, given warm clothes and hot tea, and landed at Plymouth. After getting rested up I went to see the American consul, to whom I told my story, which in brief was that I had had enough and that I wanted to get back to the States. The consul said that I held the record for being torpedoed twice in fourteen days and that he would do what he could for me. He gave me a letter to Captain Emery Rice of the *Mongolia*, soon to leave for the States, and I have since been on the American Coast Lines. But I kind of think I will quit this Atlantic Coast and make a trip across. After all, it gets kind of monotonous knowing that you are always safe."

Are You a Good Investment?

WOULD it pay you to invest some money in yourself? Would it increase your earning capacity?

Perhaps you are already doing capacity work. But if you are not yet a "going concern" it will be worth your while to think out, frankly and courageously, the answer to these two questions: What do I most need in order to make my work a real success? and, Is the thing I need purchasable?

Perhaps (and it's a very likely "perhaps," I'm sorry to say) you are in the plight of my friend Mary. Mary was a secretary. She had tact, good judgment, an immense capacity for work, a thoroughly reliable disposition, and she could spell like Webster's dictionary. But her health was wretched—so wretched, in fact, that she suffered in her work no less than in her person, being rendered absolutely ineffectual every few weeks during the winter months by repeated attacks of tonsillitis.

What I want to point out is this: Mary *invested* twenty dollars in her throat. She thereby gained established health. In consequence she secured a much better position; and, though she is by no means placed beyond the dreams of avarice, she is nevertheless beyond the nightmare of losing her job.

Are you an "also ran," instead of a winner, because you need to have your appendix out, your tonsils treated, your teeth filled, your eyes fitted to glasses, or because you lunch on a lettuce sandwich and an ice-cream soda under the delusion that you are practising economy?

Or maybe you belong to Jack's class. All Jack needed was training. He looked like a complete failure, but he was only an industrial misfit. He was a wretched errand-boy, a worthless office-boy, and a good-for-nothing grocery-boy, until he chanced one day upon a magazine containing an article on wireless telegraphy that touched his imagination. His scout master, who was a real sport and ready to take a chance on anything, advanced the money for his training, and in less than six months Jack was earning sixty dollars a month as the wireless operator on a boat.

What sort of training would make a better worker of you? Would a course in filing, in typewriting, in bookkeeping, in stenography, in design, in agriculture, in domestic science, or in salesmanship make your task more intelligible, more interesting, and better paid?

And how about appearance? Consider the case of Gladys. Gladys was a stenographer. She had an adaptable disposition, an unruffled temper. But she persisted in wearing earrings, white-topped shoes, gowns of astounding combinations of color, and in powdering her nose like a doughnut.

The consequence was that her chief never thought of giving her any more responsibility or of increasing her salary, for the simple and sufficient reason that he wasn't able to think of anything, when he looked at her, except what an amazing-looking young person she was.

Appropriate clothes, health, training —these things are purchasable and are a sound business investment. Come, buy! Come, buy!

E. M. R.

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography, and Adventure

WHO OWNS THE RAILROADS?

THE National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, organized in Baltimore, brought out the fact that the securities of the railroads are owned as follows:

By individuals outright, numbering over one million and owning over ten billion dollars.

By life-insurance companies, with over forty-six million policy-holders, representing a billion and a half dollars.

By savings banks, with ten million depositors, representing nearly a billion.

By fire and marine insurance companies, casualty and surety companies, representing over half a billion dollars.

By benevolent and charitable institutions, colleges, schools, etc., representing over a quarter of a billion dollars.

By trust companies, State and national banks, representing a billion dollars.

CARTOONIST, AND CONGRESSMAN TOO

© International Film Service, Inc.

Representative John M. Baer, when he isn't making fun speeches against the food gamblers, draws cartoons to illustrate how important it is for the world to have peace.

THERE is a new kind of Congressman—not a Republican, a Democrat, Prohibitionist, or Socialist. He was elected by hundreds of North Dakota farmers to see what can be done at Washington to bring about peace.

A few months ago, the death of a Republican Congressman from North Dakota left a vacancy. The Democrats and the Republicans, who are the small-town business men of the district, nominated their candidates with their usual assurance. But at the polls on election day the farmers, leaning against their buggy-wheels, wore a sly, pleased look. When the votes were counted, it was announced that John M. Baer had been elected by a large majority. The new party, the Non-Partisan League, had done its first work.

Representative Baer is thirty years old—the youngest member of the House. He was born in a Wisconsin town, went to a small Middle Western university, and became a civil engineer, but gave up his profession to become the postmaster of Beech, North Dakota.

Two years ago he began drawing cartoons for a rather meager non-partisan newspaper in Fargo. Now he is the mouth-piece through which the North Dakota farmers are talking to the government.

Baer's father fought in the Union Army; his brother was killed in the Spanish-American War; and he is a nephew of James Whitcomb Riley.

"I was sent to Congress by bigger and abler men than I," says Baer. "I don't pretend to be their leader. I only do the work they want done."

Photograph by Paul Thompson

This bridge still stands, after all the bombardment of the Somme battles; and British soldiers have taken possession of it. Once a still blue canal slipped along under the bridge, mirroring pleasant green banks.

ARE RICH WOMEN THE WORST DEAD BEATS?

THE poor woman pays cash, or, at least, settles her bills at the end of the month. But one of the worst pests of the business world is the rich woman who can pay but won't, says Shirley Burns in the *Forum*. He writes as follows:

"The credit manager of one of New York's largest dry-goods stores said to me: 'The rich woman buys her clothes from the dressmaker and then goes to Europe or Palm Beach, and doesn't pay her bills for a year or a year and a half. The dressmaker is behind in the stores where she bought the materials, and as a per cent. off is given her anyway, she is not a very profitable customer. If she is dunned, the rich woman imagines she is insulted, pays her bill, and never goes to that store nor to that dressmaker again.'

"No; she goes somewhere else, and causes trouble in a new quarter. If the tailor or dressmaker is working on small capital—and many of them are—the mental anguish caused by these long-delayed payments often amounts to a crime. Bankruptcy and even death are not infrequent results. Women who can pay but are flippantly or snobbishly indifferent to their obligations are a menace to the community in which they live—and they live all over the United States."

THE NURSE AND HER PATIENT

A NURSE, who had been sitting up for twenty-four hours at a stretch with a sick child, asked the mother: "Who will stay with the patient while I sleep?" The mother was amazed. "Sleep!" said she. "Do you have to sleep! I thought you were a trained nurse."

A good many people feel this way about trained nurses, says Frances Campbell in *The Book of Home Nursing* (E. P. Dutton & Company). But a nurse need feel no qualm of conscience if she eats regularly, takes a bath every day, and sits idly in the easiest chair she can find when the patient is asleep or does not need her. Here are some sensible suggestions that Miss Campbell makes:

Do not rock in a squeaky chair. It is best not to rock at all; for such little things irk sick people.

Attend to the necessities of your patient as early in the morning as possible. Take her a basin of warm water, soap, wash cloth, and towel, and things for cleaning her teeth. If she is not too ill, she will enjoy washing her face and hands and cleaning her teeth herself. If you must do it for her, do not wet her hair, get soap in her eyes, or rub her nose up instead of down.

If your patient is not well enough to brush her teeth, take a small strand of absorbent cotton, twist it around your index finger, dip the finger in water, a mouth wash, or water to which a little lemon and glycerine has been added. Clean the teeth with this very gently, and do not yag her. Clean back of the wisdom teeth, the gums, and the tongue, renewing the cotton frequently.

When working around the patient, do not use quick, jerky movements. Be as gentle and as sympathetic as possible.

If your hands are cold, hold them in hot water a few minutes before going to your patient.

When feeding a weak patient, do it slowly. Never be impatient, and do not look cross if she spills things. Nine times out of ten, she will be more sorry to make trouble than you are to remedy it.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

A class of young German nurses learning how to give a baby a bath. The first requisite is to have an absolutely imperturbable baby, like the one in the picture.

RULES FOR WAR-TIME ECONOMY

HERE are six little war-time suggestions from *System*: how many of these sensible, easy economies are you employing in your own business?

Watching for needless words in telegrams, and for needless telegrams.

Shifting hours of work a half hour earlier to cut down the light bill.

Routing traveling men more carefully.

Asking customers to cooperate in saving the time of sales-people, in "bunching" their telephone orders, and in carrying home small packages.

Cutting down the number of daily deliveries.

Stopping the C. O. D. privilege for purchases of less than $1.

Guarding against waste in wrapping and packing.

KIPLING ON ITALIAN FIGHTING

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Prince Udine, in spite of his genial American smile, is a cousin of the Italian King. But in 1905 he went to college in America, never letting on that he was a prince.

"YOU could set down half a dozen Gibraltars among this upheaval of hills, and in a month the smooth Italian roads would overrun them as vine tendrils overrun rubbish heaps," writes Kipling in the *West Coast Leader*, describing the Italian front.

"The mountains are vile ground for aeroplane work, because there is nowhere to alight in comfort; but the machines beat over them from both sides, and the anti-aircraft guns fill the gorges with multiplied coughings. The enemy fly high over the mountains, and show against the blue like bits of whirling ashes off a bonfire. They drop their bombs generously, and the rest is with fate—either the blind crack on blank rock or that type crash which tells that timber men and mules have caught it full this time.

"'Are all Italians born driving motors?' I demanded, as a procession of high-hooded cars flopped down the curve, their bonnets pointing over a four-hundred-foot drop, and slid past us with a three-inch clearance between hub and hub.

"'No,' my informant replied. 'But I expect the bad chauffeurs have been killed.'

"They are a hard people, these Latins, who have had to fight the mountains and all that is in them, meter by meter.

"Up there, if a man is wounded and bleeds only a little before he is found, the cold kills him in minutes, not hours. And the wandering mountain goats take sensties from under the lee of their neck as they stand up to be relieved, and flick them into space."

THE CHILDREN OF THE MODERATE DRINKER

THE damage man does through intemperance is not limited to its effects upon himself. It is expressed in the miseries and in the erratic, defective nervous systems of his children and grandchildren. Nor is alcohol the only harmful indulgence, says Dr. Robert S. Carroll in *The Mastery of Nervousness* (Macmillan Company). A more common and seductive enemy is food intemperance.

"Excesses in meats, sweets, and fats, if habitual and not neutralized by exercise, will result, within the first and second generations, in overacidity, which is now recognized as one of the most common causes of nervous irritability."

To the people who drink, even in moderation, he gives only disheartening news:

"Nations, as well as individuals, are accepting the unquestioned nervous damage of alcohol. Many appalling and distorted statements have been made to frighten the drinker from his cups. But it would seem that when a committee appointed by a government to investigate the harmful effects of alcohol reports that the drinker's life is shortened twenty-five minutes by every glass of alcoholic liquor, even the reckless would hesitate. Six years are knocked off the earthly existence of the average regular drinker. The tippler answers that it is his own life that he is shortening, and if he pleases so to live and die, he alone is hurt. There is another thing to be considered:

"Three out of four of the offspring of average drinkers show inherited defects, chiefly of the nervous system. Many an intense, unhappy, miserable, high-strung neurotic of to-day is the defective daughter of a genial, jovial, easy-going, old-school gentleman whose mint juleps of good-fellowship burn hot in the brains of his children. Numbers of fearsome epileptics go through lives of fierce uncertainty, the unhappy products of a single ancestral spree. These innocent victims are condemned, before birth, to live with nervous systems attuned to discord, capable of expressing life only through minor strains, hopelessly deficient—pitiable, depressed, morbid, blighted lives."

IS THE WORLD'S GOLD OF ANY VALUE?

GOLD was the first metal that primitive man discovered. It was pure, yellow, beautiful, defying the ravages of time. Too soft to be of any use to the primitive man as a weapon, it was too fascinatingly beautiful to throw away. So the savage man made it into trinkets.

What he had left he sold to some other savage for wheat. The wheat was eaten, but the gold remained and was handed down. Then some long-headed financier of the Stone Age learned that it was easier to hoard gold than to hoard the winter's supply of food. That Stone Age man was our first great banker; and since then gold has been the yard-stick with which man measures all values.

But gold itself has no intrinsic value, says an article in *Commerce and Finance*. Indeed, it is the stumbling-block in the progress of financiers.

The first real rival of gold was when men learned to trust each other and credit was invented.

The war has dealt the strongest blow to gold. Since it began, Europe has bought to the amount of seven billion dollars more than she has sold to America. How does she pay? In gold?

Only a fraction has been in gold. It is too dangerous to ship gold now. We have only Europe's promissory notes.

Apparently, Europe's gold is valueless. It would be worth more if it were steel or copper. Germany, with billions of gold stored away, can buy nothing from the outside world. She doesn't even need gold as a medium of exchange inside her kingdom.

These facts are making men feel that Europe's scramble to protect her gold supply, before the war, was a comedy. Heavy shipments of the metal were sent hither and yon over the ocean, and in many cases the original seals placed on the casks were unbroken.

One well known economist would solve the problem this way:

"On a given day, vessels laden with the world's hoard of gold should set sail for the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. When the vessels meet, their holds should be loaded with dynamite, a time fuse set, and the crews withdrawn. The explosion would send the gold to the bottom, and settle for all time this nonsensical performance of carting the stuff back and forth across the ocean."

"MAKING GOOD" NOT THE ONLY THING IN LIFE

MODERN business, with its ideal of "making good" in the money sense, has discouraged the spiritual side of life. The speeding up of business because of competition has absorbed men's energies in money-making. The pace is quickened by the unscrupulous and the greedy, and the rest have nothing for it but to comply or drop out entirely. These are the conclusions of five Englishmen who collaborated on a study of *Competition* (Macmillan Company) and its effect on human beings.

For many people the pressure of business is so great that there is no strength left for pleasure. Their natural instincts for fun and companionship and other things not related to business become dulled, and finally are starved out.

The outward sign of this may be a distaste for everything on the literary and artistic side of life. The men who have the responsibility of their own business show this the most. "One observer has noticed, in a large Midland town, how difficult it is to find among any of the shopkeepers an evidence of public spirit. It seems that it overtaxes all their energies to keep their heads above water. There is never one single evening at liberty for relaxation, reading, concerts. Interest is narrowed down to immediate private problems, and dullness of mind and apathy of spirit are the result."

In most groups of respectable middle-class people it was found that "success in life" means "success in business." They even go so far as to say that a man who proves unsuccessful in business is also unsuccessful in life.

Men under the influence of modern competition in business become mercenary even in their recreations. Their joy in their possessions is due to the pride they feel in having been able to buy things that cost so much money.

"Finally," says the author, "the self-made man quite frequently becomes harsh or apathetic toward poorer or less successful men. One experienced observer says: 'In almost every case I have ever known—and these are many—of men who have become successful in accumulating great wealth, I have noticed a growing impatience with the sufferings and disabilities of the poor.' When a man accumulates great wealth, he does, in fact, appropriate to his own private use a disproportionate share of the good things of the earth. Then he tries to justify himself by believing it proportionate to his own power to serve mankind. Naturally, he values himself dangerously high; and, being a man without any spiritual development, he is bound to be bigoted and tyrannical."

GIRL SOLDIERS OF RUSSIA

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PEASANT girls, factory girls, and college girls are now fighting in the Russian army. A few of them were aristocrats, and, had not the revolution wiped out the Czar's court and broken the authority of old-fashioned autocratic parents, they might have married grand dukes or English army officers or American millionaire-diplomats.

They are like this girl in the picture—big, sturdy, and large-boned, because most of them are the descendants of hardy, much-suffering peasants. With their heads shaved and in their blousy Russian uniforms, they look strangely alike. For the first time you realize what a shaved head does to a face. The features become at once startlingly boyish; the pretty girlish nose is suddenly snub, and the ears are prominent.

And why shouldn't women fight? There is no frail little woman in the world who doesn't meet a dozen men a day whom she could outdo. Women resist cold, fatigue, and pain better than men. They have more resilience. As for courage, the Russian girls have never yet cried "Kamerad," and surrendered: for it is one of the laws of the Legion of Death to take poison rather than be captured.

These girls are the real sports of the war. Feeling that they must save revolutionary Russia from the Germans, they have done more than egg on their brothers, than jump into the jobs of men "to release them for the front."

They have gone to war, and have undergone the ultimate suffering that only a common soldier knows—the trenches.

THE BOOK THE KAISER SUPPRESSED

IN 1912, two years before the Great War, a school-teacher in Germany, William Lamszus by name, published a little book about war called *The Human Slaughter-House* (published in this country by Frederick A. Stokes Company). It had no sooner appeared than a howl of rage went up from the militaristic newspapers. Lamszus was "relieved" of his position as school-teacher, the sale of the book was officially interdicted, and he was denounced as a traitor—as one who would teach the German people that war was not glorious, and so would weaken the spirit of conquest. The following passage describing a bayonet charge, while by no means the most terrible in the book, will give an idea why the Kaiser and his generals had the book suppressed:

"The earth reverberates dully and trembles under our tread. A roar of cheers, clubbed rifles, that's how they are coming up behind us. Our reserves are driving the last assault home. They are charging in dense mobs—sappers, sharpshooters, riflemen. A tall sapper jumps clean over me—I see how his eyes are flashing as he passes.

"Past thick, silvery tree-trunks, through the green beech leaves, with the sun laughing in them, the lust of blood charges red and naked—headlong through the undergrowth.

"And now—there is something wriggling away so comically before our eyes, and twisting with sinuous dexterity in and out among the trees and the undergrowth. There is something clinging to the machine as if it were ingrown into the iron.

"The trees are dancing round and round before my eyes. I catch my foot in the root of a tree. Lay on! Lay on! They are 'ours' who have come up, and are laying on blindly on heads, and bayoneting bent backs and bared necks, till the whole tangle disperses, squealing.

"I drag myself to my feet. A lad, a mere boy, is sprawling over and clutching his abandoned gun. With an oath some one dashes at him. It is my yokel bareheaded, his face distorted by rage. The boy stretches out his mangled hand to ward him off. His lower jaw is waggling, but his mouth remains voiceless. The next moment the fixed bayonet plunges into his chest—first his right, then his shattered left hand seizes the blade, as if, in his death throes, he were trying to pluck it out of his heart. So he clings tightly to the bayonet. A thrust! A recovery! A bright, leaping jet follows the steel—and heart and breath gasp their last."

HOW LLOYD GEORGE GOT HIS START

IN a village at the foot of Snowdon an old quarryman died, and before he passed away expressed the wish that he should be laid by the side of his daughter, who was buried in the grave-yard of the Church of England. And out of this, according to Frank Dilnot, in *Lloyd George* (Harper Brothers), came Lloyd George's real start in life.

The Church clergyman said that the old man could not be placed by the side of his daughter, but must be buried in a remote portion of the grave-yard reserved for unknown people and for suicides. The Non-conformists of the village were outraged at the suggestion. They went to young Lloyd George. He plunged deep into legal enactments, into the local conditions, and into all the facts pertaining to the case. Then he delivered a characteristic judgment.

"You have the right," he said, "to bury this man by the side of his daughter in the church-yard. If the clergyman refuses you permission, proceed with the body to the grave-yard. Take the coffin in by force, if necessary. If the church-yard gates are locked against you, break them down."

The villagers faithfully followed the suggestion of the young lawyer. They took the body to the church-yard—broke down the locked gates, and buried the old man by the side of his daughter.

The Church authorities were scandalized, and an action at law was the result. It was heard in the local county court before a judge and jury. Lloyd George defended the villagers, and later appealed the case to the Lord Chief Justice in London, and won.

He was twenty-five when he secured this triumph. All the public were interested in the case, and in the Welsh townships and villages his name flamed out like a beacon.

A KNOWLEDGE OF BEANS

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustrations by W. Pryor

"She didn't ask him whether he had been fishing, or why he happened to be so far from home, or anything like that. 'You've never had a chance!' she began. 'I think it's a shame!'"

WHEN the composite judgment of the town of Bristow decided that Walter Kettridge didn't know beans, it went wrong on two points out of a possible two, thereby batting .000 for the day. For in that rash judgment was meant to be expressed not only a contempt for the potentialities of the youthful Mr. Kettridge, but also a blistering sneer at the beneficent bean.

The bean, reasoned these wiseacres, is almost a thing of naught. It is honest, but poor, and ill favored. It is so simple that it is a joke. A bean is the easiest thing in the world to understand. So, when they announced out of their august prescience that Walt didn't know beans, they considered that they were letting him off at a flag station in the Great Dismal Swamp.

There was this much warrant for Bristow's conclusion in regard to Walt: that he was, like the bean, modest, pale, and shrinking. When he was nineteen years old, and about to be foisted on an unsuspecting world by Bristow Academy, he was already nearly six feet tall, and eleven inches wide at the center of gravity. He was already having trouble with his hands, which got in the way of everything he tried to touch; and his feet persistently shadowed him through a miserable existence, obstructing traffic.

The only time Walter was ever proposed for municipal honors was when he was to read the Preamble to the Constitution at mid-year exercises—and then he walked off the platform of the Opera House backwards, and fell into the basket of diplomas. He was so shy, by nature and cultivation, that if you spoke to him suddenly or kindly on the street he tried to efface himself against a tree. About half the town pitied him, and the rest guyed him.

After the Academy had divorced him, Walt was shot around from one busy Bristow emporium to another, lingering just long enough in each one to become acquainted with the action of the screen-doors. It being a foregone conclusion that he was utterly unfit for trade, he was hired with a sigh, and fired with a hearty handshake.

Walter worked, successively, for Grimes the plumber, for the Cash Market, for the Bristow Hardware & Coal Company, for the Earle Dry-Goods Store, the Bristow Hotel, the livery stable, and the express company. Then he began to fall to lower degrees, and ended his meteoric career, or rather the first phase of it, in the tonsorial parlors of Onésime Duprat, the habitant barber from Kelsec, by gar!

But no sooner had Walter mastered the gentle art of shaving than the customers began to josh him. They asked him how the atmosphere was at his altitude. They alluded facetiously to certain light brown spots on his nose and ears, which adolescence had forgotten to erase when she left him. But, most distracting of all, they asked him who that girl was they saw him walking with last Tuesday night, over near the saw-mill. This last gibe never failed to bring on a stare of near-collapse, Walt systematically crossed the street at the approach of any female.

ONE day, unnerved by the tormenting of a client in the chair, Walt neatly opened a two-inch slit under the ear—and left the barber-shop hurriedly.

That was the logical end of Walter Kettridge's efforts in Bristow. He had exhausted the full list of employment possibilities, except Joel Crandon's General Store. As for this place, Walter lost his job there before he was hired. Old Man Crandon simply said he wouldn't have the fellow around, not if he was paid for it, by thunder!

There is humor in all this, to be sure. But, laugh how you will, it is tragedy, too. It is the tragedy of the ugly duckling. They didn't mean to make life a burden to Walt. They merely read his exterior, and it was head-lined: "Dunce." They knew he was the faithfulest soul that ever came down the lane; but they figured that he didn't know any better, so there couldn't be any credit coming for that. And the pity of it was—for them—that nobody ever looked squarely into Walter Kettridge's eyes.

Yes, just one person in Bristow had looked at those eyes, and found the truth there. She had observed them, with the unerring precision of girlhood in such matters, when she used to sit just opposite the young man in the grade school. Perhaps something else—that extra something that pulls the wires on us all—had shown her the truth. At any rate, Molly Crandon, the daughter of that same merchant who wouldn't take a chance on Walter's labor, had perceived, in the blue-green eyes of the boy in school, a fund of intelligence, of solid, eager, acquisitive thought, that even his clumsy shyness could not hide from her.

The girl said nothing. There was nothing to be said to a young man who fled at the rustle of skirts. And so they went through school, never far distant from each other, figuring by stars. And if Walter ever covertly watched Molly Crandon going down the street, it was probably only to think, in a terror-stricken sort of way, what a peerless creature she was, and how very like a door-mat was his own linear frame.

There was nothing of the wee, timorous, cowering mouse about Molly Crandon. It happened that her father was one of the richest men in Bristow, but, had he been the poorest man, Molly would have risen to the top like the Jersey cream that lusely tried to imitate the tint of her skin. She was the kind of young woman that makes tennis, short skirts, white shoes, hair, and moonlight respectable and desirable. You didn't think of her as beautiful. You just watched her blow by on a favorable breeze, and you said, "Oh!" Molly was like that.

MOLLY CRANDON had a little brown mare. One day the mare took Molly out on the Enderby road about two miles. It was the first week in May. The red leaves of the soft-maples were just beginning to reach out for sunlight; the bluebirds had come North to entertain the beech woods again with their melody; there was an uneasy stirring of renascence in the underbrush. And, just this side of the bridge over Perham's Brook, where the logging-road darts off into a riot of stumps and stones, there was a young man sitting on a hemlock log. He was looking down at the chips and moss at his feet so intently that the horse was abreast of him when he glanced up. Then Molly Crandon said cheerily: "Why, Walter!"

There being no visible escape, Walter replied feebly:

"Yes, ma'am." Then he corrected this to, "Yes, Miss Crandon."

She didn't ask him whether he had been fishing, or why he happened to be so far from home, or anything like that. Acting under the pressure of a sort of certainty, she alighted and held out the horse's bridle.

"Will you hitch her?" she asked. "I want to speak to you about something."

Walter hitched the horse so securely that to detach her later it was almost necessary to cut the reins. Then he faced his doom like a brave young man.

SHE began by stamping her small foot—not in any anger at her audience, but in current with her thoughts.

"You've never had a chance!" she began. "I think it's a shame! I believe you know more than half the folks in town—if you'd only have a little more confidence in yourself."

"Oh, no!" rebutted the young man.

"Oh, yes! Are you doing anything now, Walter? I mean, working anywhere?"

He fixed his gaze on the ground and shook his head.

"Then you don't mind, do you, if I just *make* my father give you a chance in the store? I know he needs somebody; I heard him say so yesterday. I thought of you then, too. But—Walter—you're so hard to talk with."

"He doesn't want me," was the hopeless rejoinder. "I'm a misfit, Miss Crandon. I try my level best, but I don't catch hold anywhere."

The young fellow didn't seem to be pitying himself. His voice indicated merely that he had become convinced of his own ineffectuality.

"You've got fine ideas, Walter," insisted the girl, with the fervor that distributes hymn-books among the cannibals. "You could have beat us all in school, if you had just believed in yourself. But, if anybody laughed or whispered, you thought they were making fun of you, and you went all to pieces. Now, my father is going to give you a chance. I'm going to see that he does. Will you try once more? And will you make up your mind that you are going to succeed?"

He turned those really fine eyes upon her in true gratitude; but he continued to shake his head.

"I'd do 'most anything to please you," he stammered awkwardly, "but you'd regret it. Your father would blame you when he wasn't satisfied with me. I'd rather not."

"Walter Kettridge!" exclaimed Molly Crandon, in almost maternal exasperation. "I'd like to shake you! I don't know just what you need. Do you remember the note I slipped to you, one time in our second year in the Academy?"

A scarlet banner waved over the young fellow's face.

"Yes," he said throatily.

"Well, I think just the same way now. You remember I wrote, 'Brace up, Walter! Show them all what you can do!'"

"I appreciated it," was the solemn statement. "It was good of you!"

"Well, then! I'm going to talk with my father to-night. I wish my father would let me go to work in the store, too. It's such fun to be doing something! There's so much one can do, with just a little imagination. And that's what you've got. And it isn't a drug on the market in Bristow, either!"

As she spoke, the young fellow's eyes followed hers closely. The owed, dazed look went out of his face. He clenched his long fingers nervously as he replied:

(Continued on page 15)

WHITE HOUSE GIRLS

Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

IN these days when kings' daughters are studying the want ads, and heirs apparent are wishing they had been sent to jail at an early age so that they might have learned a useful trade, the girls who have lived in our own royal palace, the White House, are not worried a bit. Miss Margaret Wilson, for instance, can sing for a living if necessary, and derives a neat little income from her phonograph records. Like the kind-hearted unmarried daughter in most families, her good nature is always being imposed upon. Mrs. Sayre is probably forever running out and leaving the baby with her "just for a minute," as in the photograph.

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SO many Princeton boys were said to be in love with Esther Cleveland that the line had to form on the right on Sunday evenings. But Miss Cleveland eluded them all, and, when the war came, went abroad, where she helped to establish the work for soldiers blinded in battle. We were never a Princeton student, and so the only member of the family we have ever had a chance to be in love with is Miss Cleveland's father. We shall never forgive Mr. Taft for throwing out Cleveland's old fishing-rod and putting a golf club behind the White House door instead.

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THE Harrison family runs to lawyers and soldiers. Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of the latest generation, runs to both. She was a student in the law department of New York University before the war, and with its declaration she donned khaki and divided her time between helping to feed the Allies and pushing the work of the Red Cross. All the other girls on this page suffer in comparison with Miss Harrison: they have the blood of only one President in their veins; she has the blood of twice as many—William Henry (number 9) and Benjamin (number 23).

WHEN some one spoke to Theodore Roosevelt in Washington suggesting that he ought to give a little more attention to Alice's busy days, he is said to have replied: "To run the United States and look after Alice Roosevelt is more than any one man can do." Alice has been active in relief work, and has turned over her house to the Red Cross. She is the wife of Congressman Longworth, who recently attacked the munitions, and so, in retaliation, we announce that he is practically bald.

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AND, finally, we have the secretary of the treasury of the Secretary of the Treasury—Mrs. McAdoo, née Eleanor Wilson. The tango was in full bloom when she entered the White House, and Secretary McAdoo—who is built somewhat along the lines of Vernon Castle—soon became the center of all eyes when the rugs were rolled back in the Blue Room. Mrs. McAdoo made a personal speaking trip through the country in behalf of the Liberty Loan, and it was after hearing her that we subscribed, feeling sure that some of our money would go for household expenses.

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Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

ARE the educational institutions of the country being brought together into one great trust? Should Congress look into this? Here is W. H. Taft, Professor at Yale, and his daughter Helen, just elected Dean of Bryn Mawr. Miss Taft specialized in college in history, economics, and politics. A certain other member of her family also specialized in the latter subject for a time, but later gave it up, on the advice of several million voters.

ONE GOOD TURN-ABOU

Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

IF more men would take up sewing, there would be fewer bum after-dinner speakers. And why shouldn't we men? Like a U. S. marine, a lace-maker must have consummate nerve, patience, a steady hand, a clear eye. He must be indifferent to the sight of blood. Mr. C. Harold of Brooklyn, as you can see from the picture, is happy in his work. He sells his tablecloths for $1,000, with proportionate prices for doilies and lace collars. He has money in the bank, his own little home, and no boss speaks harshly to him.

Photograph from H. A. Zimmerman.

Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

DANCING used to be a woman's job. We mean the ballet kind, in which a debutante patters about barefooted, pink tunic fluttering, hair flying, carrying the arms high, apple-blossoms in hand. Thus a beautiful girl expresses anything: the First Crocus, or Freedom, or France's Welcome to Pershing. It all depends upon the occasion. Here are Harvard students with their hair down, greeting the baseball season, expressing the joy they take in Phi Beta Kappa. The step is called the himpny-himp.

MISS MINNIE NELSON from Dar-es-Salaam, South Africa, is a hippo-huntress. The Hippopotami's Scourge she has been called. She goes into the jungle with a band of shiny black men. They run ahead and rout the hippopotamus out of his place in the mud, while Miss Nelson waits, eye squinting along the barrel of her gun. "Why not go into the parlor and shoot davenports?" you ask. It's not so easy. The animal's skin is three quarters of an inch thick, and to kill it you have to shoot it through the eye. As for Miss Nelson, even after she has killed it, she isn't afraid to sit on the nasty thing!

IN his youth and middle age Alfred Woodruff, of Anna, Ohio, excelled in all those things that make men so insufferably proud. After proving that he was a man among men, Alfred, now eighty-six years old, likes nothing better than to make crazy quilts. He has pieced twenty-eight of them in four years, and the one he is working on in the picture won first prize at the Shelby County Fair. One thing he will not do is sew with a thimble. Why should he, with a horny hand?

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

OLIVER HERFORD is a poet, an artist, and a wit. Very likely he has shaken hands with Roosevelt. Yet what he likes to do best is to play with the kitten. After a hard day's work he hurries home to play with pussy. When they ask him what he is going to do this week-end, he says: "Oh, play with the kitten." He arrives late at banquets—always the same excuse: "Been playing with the kitten." The kitten is in the picture: Hafiz, the original of Mr. Herford's "Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten":

"Sometimes I think the pussy-willows gray
Are angel kittens who have lost their way.
And every bulrush on the river bank
A cat-tail from some lonely cat astray."

WHEN the enemy reaches Cincinnati, he will find those seven powerful women expecting him. The Woman's Independent Rifle Club, having given their sons, husbands, and brothers-in-law to their country, organized to protect their homes, their children, and their Haviland china.

Photograph from J. E. Smith.

T DESERVES ANOTHER

ONCE milking [illegible] was not only a woman's [illegible] was modish. Marie Antoinette [illegible] wear a [illegible] milking [illegible] dairy-maid [illegible] milk the [illegible] Petit Trianon. Angela [illegible] was [illegible] were something [illegible] anyway. Now a [illegible] of hired men as [illegible] milkers here in Bronxville [illegible]. A few weeks ago she was a stenographer in a Chicago office. The boss has a farm and [illegible] all but one hand left to make submarine chasers and [illegible] the one [illegible] have still the [illegible] office girl. Never [illegible] cows [illegible] chores are now eating [illegible] and fried potatoes and cornbread cakes for breakfast.

BEFORE [illegible] inside of us. [illegible] young have wee [illegible] radio waves kid does a [illegible] but [illegible] a charming scare caught [illegible] be here and [illegible] bell with [illegible] set in [illegible] Now look at her [illegible] and [illegible] Pump. What [illegible] be [illegible] doing it? She is learning to be a [illegible] at Billingham's Farm, [illegible] Kent, where she will go to work for a service watch [illegible] the [illegible] of the War Office and her heart.

IN the Province of Quebec there is a French-Canadian [illegible] who really tends the cows. Day in and day out he [illegible] milks them [illegible] the milk with his own. Every [illegible] and a half hours he fixes the [illegible] In these United States a man [illegible] the cradle [illegible] a farmer [illegible] peers. [illegible] has [illegible] birthday while she does the [illegible] grass he [illegible] a soak and [illegible] the [illegible] Now [illegible] hankering [illegible] to [illegible] work [illegible] applying [illegible] the [illegible] corn [illegible] be [illegible] to rock the cradle [illegible] the point of the needle. But providential [illegible] a new election [illegible] has appeared who [illegible] a rocking [illegible] baby is said [illegible] it.

Photograph by Edith S. Warren.

A SEAT open, we thought [illegible] have a red eye and a stiff [illegible] like a hen. Now [illegible] has a new girl [illegible] Regard the girl [illegible] at the New York Municipal Market. She can swing a chair a yard or so [illegible] disarrangement [illegible] steaks and chops [illegible]. So while why some [illegible] has gone up [illegible] per cent. this week, [illegible] and help up a new outlet and convince us that it will make lovely [illegible] sandwiches.

THEY WILL DO ANYTHING FOR US

Mutual Film Corporation.

THE hero comes leaping over the wild cliffs with ruffians after him cursing and shooting. They falter and stumble in the sage-brush, but the hero runs swiftly and easily bounding from rock to rock as fleetly as a goat. For one second, stiff and poised on a high pinnacle he stands. Then *zing*, into the whirlpool. How much more thrilling is a movie than a regular drama, where the fleeing man dives into an unseen river and we hear him hit the boards.

[illegible]

HELEN HOLMES, he husband [illegible] anywhere on a rain-swept [illegible] day-coach. Before the awkward situation of the picture, she was to be baggage-car of a fast mail struggling to wrest a package from the hands of a highwayman just as he train, completely unnerved, loosened his grip with one last effort he jerked his arm free and threw the package into an automobile that raced alongside. Helen jumps after it. Unfortunately for her, the men in the automobile are fraternity brothers of the highwaymen, so they grab her quickly and firmly into the coal. She is left for dead, with an ugly gaping wound in her middle [illegible]

IN "The Flaming Villain" [illegible] all fellows speed an automobile along Dreamland Pier, Coney Island. Heedless of the warning, "You'll kill your engineer!" they hurl themselves into the ocean. The first one [illegible] was done before the camera, the director was good and sure. "Darn you, Charley," said he to the [illegible] comedian, "darn you! Why don't you kick up and get a little humor into it. Once again, now." A waited buggy was attached to the machine so they could pull it up again and again until the act was letter-perfect.

[illegible]

ARLETTE [illegible] was in the clutches of a movie villain, somehow the girl looked up the third story [illegible] adventurous [illegible] Crossing one [illegible] beam she looks to the right. She looks to the left. No help comes. As chance would have it, some of her well-wishers happened to be pitching quoits on the roof and they let a rope down to her. Here she is swinging to the next window.

Vitagraph

A BIG afternoon [illegible] and November rain begins to fall on the salty water. The North River ferry-boat captain [illegible] of the wheel, while Count Ramon, on the upper deck, pushes Beatrice Phillips over the heads of a number of New Jersey commuters who are innocently engaged in trying to decide whether to take the [illegible] of the subway. Prince Philip disappears beneath the water, escapes being churned into a jelly-cake by the paddle-wheels, and swims to the Cunard docks, where, while still far from shore, he has to begin explaining that he isn't a German spy.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE and Miss Ida Salisbury cling to each other on the top of a mast. It is the eighth episode of "Patria." A three-masted schooner was [illegible] off on the ocean. The flames climb up the mast after them, and for a moment there is real danger that they will be burned before the mast falls. [illegible] work, but will our heroine have a substitute? Never! Proud Patria stands pat!

(Continued from page 10)

It's all right when you talk to me. It makes me feel as if I could do something. I have got ideas, Miss Crandon; but nobody else believes it—"

"Listen, Walter" she whipped out at him, clutching his coat sleeve. "I'm self- I want to do something, and try ed. Do you think you talk your ideas and your plans Will you talk over with me, and let me help? *Will you?*"

"I'll try it," he said simply.

back his shoulders, and squared his big fists together, and walked back toward the village with his head up, breathing deeply

WHEN Molly Crandon, that night suggested the name of Walter K Ittredge to her father, Joel Crandon smiled. He thought it was an excellent flash of wit. Later, when the menace looked more real, he demurred with all the

defects. He added that

I'll have him. But,

And

began to make

the knack of advising him. At the end of a few weeks he could pass female customers without showing signs of getting underneath little, his confidence revived. calculamistakes often, and sufficient to win the store.

Finally Mr Crandon allowed, somewhat grudgingly that "Walter is doing pretty well, after all." He was receiving the munificent sum of eight dollars a week, only a dollar more than the red-haired fifteen-year-old boy who couldn't move a five-gallon can of kerosene admirably as not to cause gossip, a vivacious young woman used to step the store, on an errand of p find occasion to flit over into t

It was merely a flash of

accompanied by a cheering smile, some "I knew you could do it, Walter body half way"—or a similar phrase of

A YEAR went around at the Crandon sto had begun to accept and it looked as if he might be permitted to

am?"

Molly Crandon said to her father one

Mr Crandon

felt comfortably, and puffed a cigar. He

Well, Molly, he is, and he isn't. He's never sick I've got no complaint

rest of 'em. But he's queer He spends his spare time thinking up advertising ideas and changes in the store. He comes rushing up to me once in a while, wanting me to do this and that, and when I say then he wants to argue the thing till doomsday. He's as stubborn as a mule, when he's got a notion"

"Seems as if he was working in your interest, father" suggested the girl warmly.

"Oh, he means all right enough. But I don't hire him to think up things for me to do. I hire him to be a clerk."

"But I should think you'd be glad to get suggestions!"

Mr Crandon, who had been conducting

With which preseniation to himself Mr leaned back comfortably and closed the incident.

It was true, indeed, that Walter was of his retiring disposition that, when it did hurl an idea into the arena, he chose

zest of a weasel in pursuit of a was willing to argue the matter till sunset, so long as his opponent wore a smile. But a contraction of the eyebrows sent him back to his hole on the double quick

ON the 25th of May, 1915 Walter early in the morning in his best light suit, hustled through the mail; appraised the stock and fixtures with a shrewd grocer's eye, then called Walter Kerridge to him.

"I'm going down to Springhaven for the day, Walter," said the proprietor "Haynes' wife is sick abed and so I'm you'll find a list of things we need. When Park you know the grocery drummer—

"Walter was so shy that if you spoke to him he tried to efface himself."

you let him sell you anything else. understand? You read him that list, and then that's all' and, if necessary

A luminous glow came into Walter's eyes. He almost shook with the force of the idea he was harboring, as he began:

are sure to go up. I think you might

"Beans!" replied the grocer, with a

concentrated protein foods. Cheese may protein, but cheese isn't so

subject. Beans will ship easy and keep. Therefore, Mr. Crandon"

away

A FEW hours afterward Park, a breezy young man with a few yellow violets in his buttonhole, came into the str

"Where's the boss?"

"He's gone for the day I've got a list of things he left for you," replied Walter

"I'm in charge, did he?" was the inquiry, as the salesman made our der

A deep flush spread itself over the honest face

He wouldn't have if John Haynes had been here. But Mr Crandon told

The salesman was unperturbed. He opened a small bag, took out a bottle of vanilla extract, and poised it with a loving connoisseurship. "We're making a fine deal on this extract to introduce it—" he began.

The clerk shook his head. He continued to shake his head as the salesman thrust one glowing opportunity after another at him.

he said. This list is all."

shut, Walter Kerridge approached him and asked timidly "Don't you think

"Sure they're going up. They have gone up.

"But I mean 'way u

"Well, as I know is that my old man watching the market pretty close. I guess they haven't reached the top We've got a lot of small pea-beans we bought last year gone—to our regular cus

"What is the price?"

"Four-twenty-five a bushel. Six-seven a hundred-pound sack." The salesman got out his pencil and order-book again. "How

Oh, I wouldn't dare to order I wish I could, though I bet I could make a But I wouldn't dare. He

"They won't be any cheaper You can't go wrong on that."

I know they're going up he repeated. "Mr Crandon—he—

con.

"A ton!" suddenly Twenty hundred

man, looking up in genuine amazement "You don't

Yes, a ton Why not? I g up. You be-

"I've got you less answer

"Yes, that's

"I know they're going up repeated Walt several times in the next hour. "Mr Crandon ought not to mind when I'm making money for him. It isn't like market speculation. It's bona-fide property They're bound to go up.

The more the clerk considered the matter the more reasonable it seemed

THE wholesaler's bill came in the following afternoon, ahead of the freight Joel Crandon came into the store just ahead of the bill, and consequently Walter had no time to prepare him for the surprise. Naturally, Joel Crandon, skimming the details of the order, and finding them all correct with the exception of the last item, treated it as an absurd error for which he would have a good laugh up Park when he called next week And then, to make sure of the laugh, he began to laugh at once. And, to make it still more enjoyable, he stepped to the door of the little office and called Walter K

I give Park bills us for a pea-beans. A ton! What do they think a mail-order house? A ton! Ha,

"Oh, that's all right!" replied Walter, beaming with pride.

What's all right?

I ordered them. I thought I'd better buy you a ton of beans. You see, as I was telling you yesterday morning—

Mr Joel Crandon looked sharply at his clerk. At the same time he rose slowly from his chair and opened his mouth

side It seemed a horrible hour before he emitted a sound "Wha—a ton—at

Yes, sir. You see, there's no doubt in the world that beans—

You ordered a ton of beans—an thundered the merchant of beans! Y I'll call 'em up. I—no, I won't—I won't take 'em. I never squealed on an order yet, and I sha'n't begin now But—you

But let me tell you, please, Mr Crandon—" pleaded Walter, who had wilted against the door-post.

Gee—ouch! Here—how much do I owe you? Two days—here's five dollars. Don't come back!" roared the outraged merchant

But the five dollars remained flapping in the air until Mr. Joel Crandon pulled it back and placed it in his wallet For Walter Kerridge had fled. He left behind him a little choking noise, and he almost knocked down a customer who loomed up in his transit through the store

WALTER went immediately to the big, clean, sparely furnished room at the Masons', where he had roomed and boarded since his parents had died within a week of each other He bolted in at the gloomily out at the garden of tree-tops. The sky was really turquoise, fleeced with white, but it looked black and forbidding He was not considering, either, so much of his latest humiliation at the hands of Joel Crandon as of what Joe Crandon's daughter would be thinking of him when she heard.

It seemed only a few minutes after he had sat down—though it was really more than an hour—when some one knocked at the door It was Mrs. Mason. She opened the door a crack and said Walter, there's a young lady to see you!"

He knew who the young lady was without being told His first impulse was to leap out of the window and run for it Then he pulled himself together and went down Molly Crandon was there, in the

"I've just come from the store!" she began breathlessly "I was in the store when you went out. I spoke to you, but you didn't seem to hear me. What in the world—how did it happen? My father is in a dreadful state of mind

"I told you how it would be if you tried to do anything for me," he replied mournfully

She paid no attention to this bit of pessimism

Tell me how it was, Walter," she said soft

He told her And while he was talking she sat with her hands clasped on her knees, looking searchingly into his face, with a serious expression on her own that was unlike what the Bristow people commonly knew. When he had finished, and turned away awkwardly, she said

"I see I suppose you had better not disobeyed orders, had you?

I know I was wrong I see it now I don't blame your father

"I do blame my father," she added impatiently "My father, Walter, is one of the dearest souls in the world but he isn't always right, and he isn't always just, and he didn't see, and ought to have

seen, was that you were trying to do something for him, in his interest, not for yourself. He should have been broad-minded enough to see that."

"Do you suppose he would let me buy the beans from him?" asked the young fellow. "I've got about three hundred dollars in the bank. I'll gladly take them off his hands, if he'll let me. He wouldn't give me time to say anything."

Instead of replying directly, Molly Crandon looked at him steadily a moment, and then said:

"I just know you must be right about it. I want to hear all about the idea that prompted you to buy those beans."

"Walter was on hand for supper. Supper wasn't important. What Molly's father talked about wasn't important, either."

LIKE a flash, Walter's whole manner changed.

"I know I'm right!" he cried, walking up and down, with his hands in his pockets. "Oh, if I had a lot of money, don't you know what I'd do, Miss Crandon—I mean, I wouldn't speculate in the market that way—but I'd start right in now and make contracts with a lot of farmers the way the canners do, and furnish seed and fertilizer against their labor, and raise all the beans I could raise this summer!

"Don't you see there's bound to be a shortage? How could it be otherwise with every now holding them up? See how easy it is to store and ship. On the proper soil it's one of the easiest crops to raise. They leave the soil richer in nitrogen, too! See—"

Fact by fact, clearly and succinctly, forgetting all his timidity, in the face of his belief, Walter Ketridge began to unfold his scheme. The girl's eyes were following him in wonder and admiration. He was unconsciously rising to the highest point of great salesmanship for he was selling her his idea. He didn't know that. She didn't know it. But her eyes began to sparkle—not with the vision of profits, for she had always had all the money she needed, but with the spirit of adventure, of experiment, and of business.

She interrupted him with a gasp. "How in the world do you know all those things?" she asked.

"I've been studying the situation," he replied. "I've been thinking and reading a good deal about it."

She was silent a moment. Then she said:

"Walter, you go to my father and buy those beans. By the time you get there he'll be a little bit sorry he was so hasty. He always is—I know him. Maybe he'll tell you it's all right and you can come back to work. Don't you do it! I see it all now! You ought not work for anybody. You must work for yourself. Insist on buying those beans, and then go to work for yourself. Do just what you've been telling me about. Goodness, what fun it will be! I wish I were a man! Perhaps—perhaps if you shouldn't have money enough to do it on the scale you'd like—perhaps you'd take a partner?"

Partner? Who'd take any stock in what I say?" he replied, going gloomy again.

"I would!" was the prompt answer. "I've got some money. Would you let me be a—silent partner? I can let you have five hundred dollars to-morrow, if you say the word. Oh, I think it's a splendid idea! I'd give anything to see a lot of beans growing, and know that I owned a share in them! I'd like to take a hoe and go into the fields, as the European women are doing. But of course my father wouldn't let me do that. But I can do something. I can furnish capital!"

He looked at her in a scared way.

"I wouldn't dare to risk your money," he replied. "Same—that's different."

Then you wouldn't want me as a partner?" she said it only half seriously, with a roguish movement of her lower lip, which, as he failed to interpret it jokingly, hurt him at the heart.

"Oh, don't mean that—please don't say it that way. You're the only one who believes in me."

"But you believe in your idea? You know you're right?"

"I know I'm sure. I'd risk anything of mine on it. The hero is always in possibility of bad weather, bad crops—that sort of thing. I was thinking of that. Besides, your father—"

"Wouldn't know anything about it till afterward. And as for the risk, isn't that always so? Please, Walter, if you want a partner, consider me. And I don't think you ought to make me force myself on you. You ought to ask me—to—to force myself."

She couldn't go any farther. The humor of it suddenly dawned in her, the humour of her attempt at jugglin words—and she pealed out a merry laugh.

Its magic broke the spell of gloom that was hovering over Walter. He found himself laughing deliciously, too. It occurred to him suddenly that it was the first time he could remember laughing with anybody in a long while.

"Shall we be partners on this?" she asked, holding out her hand.

His knees shook a little, but he managed to say: "Yes. Thank you."

IT was a changed young man who walked into the Crandon store that afternoon and greeted Joel Crandon in his office. Something had happened to Walter Ketridge. He had always been timidly courteous. Now he was no less courteous, but the timidity was in the background. He said, simply and briskly:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Crandon, but I want to buy those beans I ordered without your authority. Here is one hundred and thirty-four dollars. I will pay the freight, of course."

Joel Crandon looked up in amazement. "Then he got mine," he said with an after-sound of speechless. "This is all right, Walter. I acted impulsively this morning—he beans will go to you. Go ahead back to work. We'll forget all about it."

"No, sir," was the steady reply. "I consider the beans mine. You don't want 'em, and I do. I'm going into business for myself."

"Not grocery?" jerked out Joel, instinctively dreading competition, even of the friendliest kind. Then he grinned again, ashamed of his own weakness; and he agreed to have been joking.

"No, sir. Something else."

NOT until that moment had Joel Crandon conceived the idea that he had been employing young Ketridge. Now, suddenly, he saw value in the young fellow. He stuck his thumbs in his vest pockets, leaned back in his chair, and said heartily:

"I could probably make it ten dollars a week, Walter. Better think it over. Lots of people fail in business."

But when Walter Ketridge walked out of the store he had a receipt for a ton of beans now at the freight house, and when Joel Crandon rose from his chair it was with an uneasy sense that he had lost or misplaced something of importance.

That night the Public Library was open. About half past eight a young woman sitting over a magazine at one of the long tables wrote something on a slip of paper and kicked it deftly across to a young man seated opposite. It read:

Are you going to plant the whole ton of beans?

A healthy, infectious grin came upon the young man's face. He wrote back:

You never lived on a farm, did you? We won't plant those beans at all. We'll keep 'em in stock. We'll get regular scientific seed. I want to be a bean-grower in Michigan to-day. Came back a note at once:

Dear Walter: It is nice to plan a good to me. But I know you know no that's good enough. Will mine indeed.

The "something enclosed" was five hundred-dollar bills. Mr. Ketridge never afterwards in his life came so near to fainting away. It was done.

It had been Walter Ketridge's invention to get the beans raised under contract—that is, to furnish seed and necessary fertilizer, and pay a stipulated sum for the labor involved, he to retain the whole crop. From the outset he saw that this was going to be impracticable. The farmers in the vicinity of Bristow were not educated to the contract idea, and were instantly suspicious that, whatever happened, they were going to be plucked as well as the beans.

It was fortunate for the bean campaign that the very first farmer Walter interviewed was Hiram Squires, an energetic white-bearded old fellow who had the reputation of being the best farmer in the county. The interview took place in the barnyard, and while Mr. Squires balanced one empty milk-pail against another, and thoughtfully kicked flakes of mud off his boots against the door-sill, he listened to the scheme with shrewd attention.

"I don't see why it isn't a good idea," said the farmer slowly. "By thunder if I was a younger man I'd like to go in with you on it. But you won't find many that will take kindly to your plan of owning the whole crop; and, besides, your beans will be dead sure to be neglected if you leave it that way. They'll slight them for their own regular work, sure as shooting. Give 'em some interest! The usual way with tenant-farming is for the landlord to furnish stock and seed and so forth, and the tenant furnishes labor, and they split even. Suppose, now, you furnish seed and pay a fair price for the fertilizer, and help gather the crop, and then go halves on the price you get for the threshed crop, you to do all the marketing and handling. That would make them feel more like working."

"Would you do it that way?" asked the young fellow.

"I'm enough of a gambler to plant five acres on that basis. I do believe you're right about beans this year. I see your point. They can't go down, with this war going on."

"Great! Thank you, Mr. Squires. Now, if course I want to get only reliable men who'll go into it in a businesslike way. I thought you'd tell me the ones to see and the ones to dodge."

"I'll do that. And I guess I can save you some money, too. There's a whole crowd of well-meaning fellows round here that would go into your scheme with both feet in June, and by August the weeds would be a foot high in your bean fields. I'll tell you the right ones. Even at that, you'll find that you'll have to work about fifteen hours a day this summer, if you're going to get your crops. Got a horse? You can't hoof it around the township."

"No, I haven't."

"I'll let you have my little chestnut mare, if you'll feed her and treat her right. She's twenty-four, but she'll do you well enough, if you're not finicky about looks. She'll get you around. Come in the house and we'll draw up an agreement."

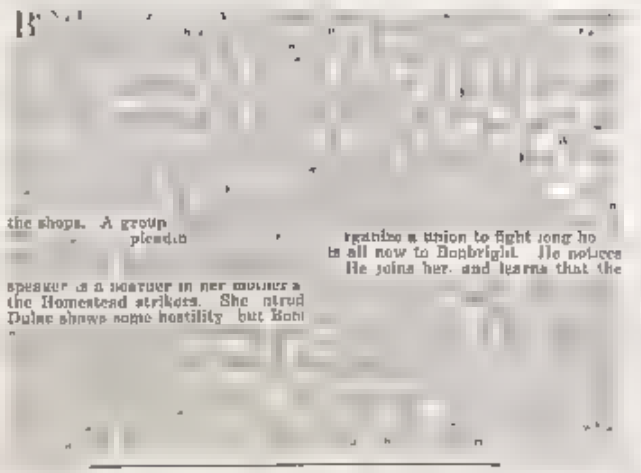
THE first week in September a small wagon loaded with drab bags creaked down the Main Street of Bristow. It was driven by a tall young man in khaki, and his bare arms and face and neck were

(Continued on page 22)

YOUTH CHALLENGES

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock



B[illegible] the

what work would fall t
What work had it been the custom for the heir apparent to perform? What
k had his father and grandfather and
ear-grandfather performed when
n was his position to-day?

He breakfasted alone next morning, before his father or mother was about, and left the house on foot, driven by an aching restlessness. It was early. The whistle had not yet blown when he reached the gates, but already men carrying lunch boxes were arriving.

He was recognized. Here and there a man offered him good morning with a friendliness of tone that surprised him. A good many men spoke to him respectfully; more regarded him curiously; some hopefully. It was the occasional friendly [illegible]e that affected him. One such smile from an older workman, a man with an intelligent face and shrewd gray eyes, caused Bonbright to speak to him.

"I don't know your name, of course," he said diffidently.

"Hooper," said the man pleasantly.

"The men seem to know me," Bonbright said. "I was a little surprised. I came only yesterday, you know."

"Yes," said Hooper, "they know who

"They seemed—almost friendly."

Hooper looked sharply at the young

mm.

Bonbright pondered this.

"The men think I may be their friend?"

"Some saw you last night, and some heard you talk to Dulac. More of them have heard about it by now."

"Oh, was that it? Thank you, Mr [illegible]

YOUNG Foote went up to his office. There was nothing connected with

[illegible] been the habit of our family to hold aloof from our employees. We do

ries."

Bonbright waited for his father to con-

in the shops. This is peculiarly unfortunate at this moment, when a determined [illegible] have made by organized labor to

rd unionism."

"I don't understand anything

"Last evening," said his father, "you mingled with the men leaving the shops. You did a thing no member of our family has ever done—consented to an interview with a professional labor agitator."

"That is hardly the fact, sir. I asked

the shops. A group [illegible] pleaded [illegible] rganize a union to fight long ho
is all now to Bonbright. He notices
He joins her, and learns that the
speaker is a partner in her mother's
the Homestead strikers. She tried
Dulac shows some hostility, but Bon
"

aour or some future time!
I asked him to explain things to me."

make. The thing I am trying to bring home to you is that the men have got an

notions. Possibly you have picked up some socialistic nonsense. You will have

Bonbright followed father mechan-
The next roo contained some

Bonbright curiously

kindlemen," said the elder Foote this is my son, whom you may not have met as yet. I wish to present him to you formally, and to tell you that hereafter he [illegible]e the final authority in this plant. Decisions coming from this office are to be regarded as our joint decisions except in the case of an exception of immediate moment. As you know, a [illegible] and determined effort is afoot to [illegible]e this plant. My son and I have informed on the matter, but I have seen fit the decision rest with him as policy and course of action.

The men looked with renewed [illegible] ity at the young man who stood with impressed lips and troubled eyes.

"My son has rightly determined to adhere to the policy established many years ago. He has determined that unionism shall not be permitted to enter Bonbright Foote, Incorporated. I state your sentiments, do I not, my son?"

At the direct challenge Bonbright raised his eyes to his father's face appealingly.

"Father—" he began.

"I state your position?" his father said sternly.

Against Bonbright's will he felt [illegible] cumulated power of the family will, the family tradition. He had been reared in its shadow. Its grip lay firmly upon him. Struggle he might, but the strength to defy was not yet in him. He surrendered, feeling that, somehow, his private soul

Yes," he said faintly.

The first step he has decided upon," said his father, "and is one that should be immediately repressive. It is [illegible] every room and department of the shops printed notices to the effect that any man who affiliates himself with organized labor, or who becomes a member of a [illegible] called trades union, will be summarily dismissed from his employment. That was the wording you suggested, was it not?"

"Yes," said Bonbright, this time with [illegible] t struggle.

"Ranger," said Mr. Foote, 'my [illegible] directs that these cards be printed at [illegible] and put in place before noon. It can be done, can it not?"

[illegible]sir," answered Ran

I think that is all, gentlemen. You understand my son's position, I believe, so that if any one questions it you can answer them effectively.

THE department heads started uneasily. Some turned toward the door, but one man cleared his throat.

"Well, Mr. Hawthorne," said the head [illegible] if the business

"The men seem very determined this time. I'm afraid too severe action [illegible] part will make trouble."

"Troub

"A strike," said Hawthorne. "We're loaded with contract orders, Mr. Foote. A strike at this time—

Ranger," said Mr. Foote sharply, "at [illegible] t sign of such a thing, take [illegible] mediate steps to counteract it. Better still, proceed now as if a strike were certain.

These mills must continue unin[illegible] terruptedly. If these malcontents force a strike, Mr. Hawthorne, we shall be able to deal with [illegible]. Good morning, gentlemen."

The men filed out silently.

Bonbright stood without motion beside his father's desk, his eyes on the floor.

"There," said his father, with satisfaction, "I think that will set you right."

"Right? The men will think I was among them last night as a spy. They'll despise me—they'll think I wasn't honest with them."

Bonbright Foote VI shrugged his shoulders.

[illegible]ty to your family," he said, "and your order is rather more important [illegible] an retaining the good will of a mob of malcontents."

Later, when the elder Foote sent for son, the young man responded [illegible] t eagerly.

Here are some letters," said Mr. Foote. "I have made notes upon each [illegible] how it is to be answered. Be so good [illegible] the replies."

[illegible] is again. He was not even to answer letters independently, but dictate to his secretary words put into his mouth by Bonbright Foote, Incorporated.

Bonbright returned to his desk and [illegible] ressed the buzzer that would [illegible] uth Frazer with book and pencil. She entered almost instantly, and as their eyes met she smiled. Her smile was a thing of light and brightness, compelling response. In his mood it acted [illegible] iant to Bonbright.

"Thank you," he said involuntarily.

"For what?" she asked, raising her brows.

[illegible] I'm sure I don't know," [illegible] ill you take some letters.

[illegible] ing slowly, laboriously [illegible] was a new work to him. His pen strayed. He leaned back in his chair, dictation forgotten for the moment, star-

Would it be [illegible] he asked, [illegible] inquire what you said

Mr. Dulac," she replied, "wondered expressed it. He thought it was [illegible] ha—your asking to know him."

"What did you think?"

[illegible] idn't [illegible] she has

I think you acted

[illegible] he repeated after her. 'Yes, I guess that must be where I was wrong. I was natural. It is not right to be natural. You should first find how you are expected to act—how it is planned for you to act. Yourself—why, yourself doesn't count."

What do you mean, Mr. Foote

This morning," he said bitterly, "cards with my name signed to them have been placed—or will be placed—in every [illegible] of the works, notifying the men that they join a labor union they will be discharged."

[illegible] have made a statement that I am against labor unions."

[illegible] ed at him uncomprehending [illegible] ted in a [illegible] those men [illegible] e army of men," he went [illegible] on't want to understan

just want to sit here in [illegible] e bothered by such things. We have managers and superintendents and officials to take care of labor matters. I don't want to talk to Dulac about what he [illegible] why our men feel resentment ward us. Please tell him I have no in rest whatever in such things.

Mr. Foote," she s[illegible] thing has happened t [illegible] that has made you feel bitter [illegible] ged

"Nothing unusual—in my family. Miss Frazer. I've just been cut to the Bonbright Foote pattern. I didn't fit my groove exactly—at I was trimmed until I slipped into t. I'm in now."

A SUDDEN tumult of shots and cheers arose in the street under his window.

[illegible] and [illegible] a woman's voice [illegible] about [illegible]
she was leaning [illegible] know she [illegible] [illegible]

I'm afraid" said Miss Frazer, "it's your placard"

"My placard"

"The men had their choice between their unions and their jobs, and they've stood by their unions"

"You mean"

"They've struck," said Ruth.

THERE are family traditions among the poor, just as there are among the rich. The families of workingmen may cling as tenaciously to their traditions as the descendants of an earl. In certain families the sons are compelled by tradition to become bakers, in others musicians, still other row. Family histories urge their members to conduct of one sort or another. Here's a family whose tradition is loyalty to another family that has employed them father, son, grandfather. Across the street may live a group whose heritage, religion or opposition to constituted authority, and to uphold anarchism. Therein also beliefs are handed down from generation to generation until they assume the dignity of blood-laws.

Ambright was being overborne by the memories of his youth. Ruth Frazer, his secretary, pressed no opinions to conform to the traditions of her family. This was the beginning of doom and the pulling down of capital, or perhaps even labor, a bit on the saddle. Probably a remote ancestor of hers had been a member of an ancient guild, perhaps one who risen up with Wat Tyler. Her father had been killed in a labor riot and beat had by her. As the men of her family had been, so were the women as was she.

She was capable of hero-worship. But her heroes were not warriors, adventurers, conquerors of the world, conquerors of the world's wealth. They were revolutionists. They were men who gave their lives and their abilities to laboring for labor. Already she was inclining toward the hero of the man Dulac.

Dulac had just entered her mother's sick-room. The man seemed out of place in that cozy parlor. He seemed to fill every room he entered, to any room was filled by an eager, radical crowd of men assembled to hang upon his words. I see him standing alone any place on the street in a hotel, afforded me with the feeling that he was exotic there, unplaced. He must be surrounded by his audience to be [illegible]

Something of this crossed Ruth's mind as she could not conceive of Dulac in a home.

"It's been a day" he said.

"Yes."

"Every skilled mechanic has struck" he said with [illegible] as in a personal achievement. "And most of the rest I brought four-fifths and out of their five thousand men we're with us.

"It came so suddenly. Nobody thought of a strike this morning."

"We were better organized than they thought" he said, running one hand through his thick black hair and throwing back his head. "Better than I thought myself. I've always said foot employers were the best friends we organizers have. He placard that young fool's slapped in men in the face with that did it. That and his swing on us last night."

"I'm sure he wasn't saying last night."

"Josh he was mighty quick to try to get our necks under his heel this morning."

"I don't know what happened this morning," she said slowly. "I'm his secretary, you know. Something inappropriate about that placard. I don't believe he wanted it to go up."

"You're defending him? Of course. You're a girl, and you're close to the throne with a soft job. He's a good-looking kid in his namby-pamby way too."

Mr Dulac M[illegible] job. I was going to ask you what I should do. I want to help the men. I want them to get what they're working for, them and praying for, them. Ought I to quit too?"

Dulac looked at her sharply, calculatingly.

"No," he said presently, "you can do a lot more good where you are."

"What [illegible] be 'usable'? I dread to think of morning and maybe bloodshed. It will be [illegible] enough anyhow. [illegible] long. The poor women and children."

"There'll be trouble, they're sure to turn a wheel or bring in scab labor." He laughed, and his white teeth showed. "The first thing they did was to telephone for the police. I suppose this kid with a whole day's experience in the business will be coming up to see the organizers and strong-arms and gunmen. Well, he'll have brought down upon himself all he wants to. We're in this thing to win. It means precipitous breaking into this automobile game. This is just the entering wedge."

"What the automobile manufacturers over-ate too" she asked. "Won't the men have a hard time also with the [illegible]?"

Dulac shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess the automobile world knows who Dulac is by-signal" he said, with gleaming eyes.

SOMEHOW the worst became the man. It was perfectly in character with his appearance and bearing, as did not impress Ruth as a thug, it seemed a natural and ordinary thing for him to say.

"You've been here just two weeks," she said a little hesitantly. "You've done all this in two weeks."

"It's a start. But all our work is only a start. It's preliminary." His voice became impassioned. "It's we must unionize the world. Now there are strong unions and weak unions, but arrayed against a capital better organized and stronger than ever before in the world's history. Unionism is primary instruction in revolution. We must teach labor power, and it is slow to learn. We must prepare, prepare, prepare. And when we're ready we shall rise not one union, not the unions of a state or of a country, but the unions of the world. Hundreds of millions of men who have been ground down by aristocracies and wealth for generations. Then we shall have such an overturning as shall make the French Revolution look like child's play. A world's republic—that's our aim, a world's republic ruled by labor!"

Ruth's eyes glistened as he talked. She could see a united world, cleansed of wars, of boundary lines, a world where every man's chance of happiness was the equal of every other man's chance, where wealth and poverty were abolished, from which slums, degradation, starvation, the sordid wickednesses, compelled by poverty, should have vanished. She could see a world of peace, plenty, beauty.

It was for this high aim that Dulac worked. She marveled that such a man could waste his thoughts upon her. So much of accomplishment lay behind him, and he not yet thirty years old. The confidence reposed in him by labor was eloquently testified to by his mission to this important post on the battle-line. Already he had justified that confidence.

DULAC had been an inmate of the Frazer cottage for two weeks. In that time he had not [illegible] of his interest [illegible] he discovered that [illegible] leader of men, a zealot for the cause of the underdog. And held him aloof from personal concerns. Individuals affairs did not touch him. Nor for an instant had he sought the friendship of Ruth or Paul or her mother. He was devoted to a cause, and he made off no room on his life for small matters. He was a man apart.

Now he was awkwardly tugging some[illegible] in his pocket. Almost [illegible] he produced [illegible] a box of candy.

"For [illegible]" he said [illegible]

"For me!" Ruth was overpowered. This man-god had brought her a gift. Then she saw that he was embarrassed, even [illegible] embarrassed before her.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you so much."

"You're not offended?"

He was recovering himself. In an instant or so was dark again in character.

"We men," he said, "who are devoted to the cause have little time in our lives for such things. We are wanderers. We have no ties. We can't afford to have homes. I"—he said it proudly—"have been in jail more than once. A man cannot ask a woman to share such a life. A man who leads such a life has no place in it for a woman."

"I should think," she said, that a woman would be proud to share such a life to know she was helping a little. To know she was making the comfortable spot for you to come to and rest when you were tired or discouraged."

His eyes glowed. She read hunger in them, hunger for her. A frightened heart made her heart leap with [illegible]. He looked upon her [illegible] as only such a man.

"Some women," he said slowly, might see through it. There are women big enough and strong enough. A few may be big enough to endure neglect and loneliness, to wait and not know. Their husbands would sleep at home this night or in a cell or in the middle of a riot on the other side of the world. Her would not even depend on their husbands for support. A few might not complain, might be able to endure. Yes, Miss Ruth, I believe you are one of them."

Her cheeks paled. Was he about to ask her to marry him. She was awed, yet warmed by a surge of pride. She sang at of her father.

THE silence in the room was like the silence of a human crisis. Then it was broken suddenly. There came a pounding on the door that was not a knock but an alarm.

"Dulac! Where's Dulac!" a man's voice demanded.

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"Here," he replied. "What is it?"

"O'Hagan's in town," the man panted, rushing into the room. "They've brought in O'Hagan and his gang."

O'Hagan, king of strike-breakers! Ruth knew that name well. His arrival in town promised violence, riot, bloodshed.

"They're going to try to run, then," said Dulac calmly.

"The police have escorted a mob of scabs into the mill yards. They've tried to drive away our pickers. They've locked up Higgins and Bowen. Got Mason, too, but the crowd took him away from the police."

"It's on their own heads," said Dulac solemnly. "I'll come with you."

He turned to Ruth and took her hand.

"You see," he said. "It calls me away—even from a moment like this."

MALCOLM LIGHTENER was not a man to send messages, nor to depend upon telephones. He was as direct as a catapult, and was just as regardful of ceremony. The fact that it was his and everybody else's dinner hour did not hold him back an instant from having himself driven to the Foote residence and demanding instant speech with Mr. Foote.

Mr. Foote, knowing Malcolm Lightener, shrugged his shoulders and motioned Bonbright to follow him from the table.

"If we asked him to be seated and wait," said he, "Lightener would burst into the dining-room."

They found their visitor, not seated, but standing like a granite monolith in the center of the library.

"Well," he said, observing no formalities of greeting, "you've chucked a brick in o the hornets' nest."

"Won't you be seated?" asked Mr. Foote, with dignified courtesy.

"Seated? No; I've got no time for seats. Do you know what you've done, with your bull-headedness? You've rammed the automobile manufacturers up against a crisis they've been dodging for years. Needlessly! There was no more need for this strike at this time than there is for fur overcoats in hell. But, just when the hornets were stirred up and buzzing, you had to heave your brick. And now we've got to back your play."

"I am not aware," said Mr. Foote icily, "that we have asked assistance."

"If the house next to mine catches fire the owner doesn't have to holler to me for help. I've got to help to keep the blaze from spreading to my own house. You've never thought beyond the boundaries of Bonbright Foote, Incorporated—that's what's the matter with you. You're hide-bound. A blind man could see the unions look at this thing as their entering wedge into the automobile industry. If they break into you, they'll break into us. So we've got to stop 'em short."

"If we need any help—" Mr. Foote began.

"Whether you need it or whether you want it," said Lightener, "you get it."

"Let me point out to you," said Mr. Foote, with chilly courtesy, "that my family has been able to manage its business for several generations—with some small success. I have placed my son in complete charge of this situation, with confidence that he will handle it adequately."

"Huh!" grunted Lightener, glancing at Bonbright. "I heard about *that*. What I came to say principally was: This thing can be headed off now, if you go at it with common sense. Make concessions. Get to this Dulac. You can get your men back to work—and break up this union thing."

"Mr. Lightener, our course is decided upon. We shall make no concessions. My son has retained O'Hagan, the strike-breaker. To-morrow morning the mills start up as usual, with new men. We have them camped in the yards now. There shall be no compromising. When we have the strikers whipped into their places we'll talk to them—not before."

"What's the idea of putting up the boy as walking-horse? What do you expect to get by hiding behind him?"

"My son was indiscreet. He created a misapprehension among the men as to his attitude toward labor. I am merely setting them right."

"And sowing a fine crop of hatred for the boy to reap."

"My son knows his duty to his family," said Mr. Foote. "He will act as my son should act."

Lightener turned to where Bonbright stood, with set face and eyes that smoldered, and studied him with an eye accustomed to judging men.

"There'll be rioting," he said. "Probably there'll be bloodshed. There'll certainly be a devil of a lot of suffering. Your father is putting the responsibility for it on your shoulders, young fellow. Does that sit comfortably on your mind?"

Bonbright was slow to answer. Whatever he felt, whatever he thought, whatever dread he might have of the future as it impended over himself, he must be loyal to his name. So, when he spoke, it was to say in a singularly unboyish voice:

"My father has spoken for me, Mr. Lightener."

For the first time, Lightener smiled. He laid a heavy hand on Bonbright's shoulder.

"That was well done, my boy," he said.

A servant appeared. "Mr. Bonbright is wanted on the telephone," she said.

It was Rangar.

"There's rioting at the plant," the man said unemotionally. "I have notified the police and taken the necessary steps."

"Very well," said Bonbright.

He walked to the library, and, standing in the door, stirred by excitement so that his knees quivered and a great emptiness was within him, he said to his father:

"There's rioting at the plant."

Then he turned, put on his coat and hat, and left the house.

WITH some vague, juvenile notion of making himself unrecognizable, Bonbright turned up the collar of his coat and pulled down his cap.

When still some blocks from the mills, a patrol wagon filled with officers careened near him, its gong emitting a staccato exciting alarum. Here was reality. Bonbright quickened his step—began to run. Presently he entered the street that lay before the front of the factory—a street lighted by arc lamps, so that the scene was adequately visible.

As far as the main gates into the factory yards the street was in possession of the police. Beyond them surged and clamored the mob, not yet wrought to the pitch of attack. Bonbright remembered a gate around the corner. He would enter this and go up to his office, and watch the scene from his window.

BEFORE the gate a man sat on a soap-box, a short club dangling from his wrist. As Bonbright approached, he arose.

"What do you want?" he demanded, taking a businesslike grip on his weapon.

"I want to go in," said Bonbright; "I'm Mr. Foote."

The man grinned.

"To be sure, Mr. Foote. Howdy, Mr. Foote! You'll be glad to meet me. I'm Santa Claus."

"I tell you, I'm Mr. Foote. I want to go inside."

"And I tell you," said the man, suddenly dropping his grin, "to beat it—while you're able."

Rage sent an instant heat through Bonbright. For an instant he medicated jerking the man from that gate by the nape of the neck and teaching him a lesson with his athletic foot. It was not fear of the result that deterred him: it was the thought that the man was his own employee, placed there by him for this very purpose. If the guard made Bonbright bristle with rage, how would the sight of him and his club affect the strikers? He was a challenge and an insult, an invitation to violence. Bonbright turned and walked away.

Bonbright retraced his steps and approached the police from the rear. He was stopped by an officer:

"Where you goin'?"

"I'm Mr. Foote," said Bonbright. "I want to see what's happening."

"I can't help it if you're Mr. Roosevelt—you can't go any further than this. Now git."

He gave Bonbright a violent and unex-

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pected above that almost sent him off his feet. He staggered, recovered himself, and stood glowering at the officer.

"Move!" came the short command; and once more, burning with indignation, he obeyed.

Bonbright walked quite around the block, approaching again on a side street that brought him back again just ahead of the police. This street was blocked by excited, restless, crowding, jeering men; but Bonbright wormed his way through, and climbed upon a porch from which he could see over the heads of the foremost to where a line of police and the front rank of strikers faced each other across a vacant space of pavement, the square at the intersection of the streets.

BEHIND him a hatless man, in a high state of excitement, was making an inflammatory speech from a door-step. He was urging the mob to charge the police, to trample them under. Bonbright leaned far over the railing, so he could look down the street where the main body of the mob was assembled.

There was another speaker. Bonbright recognized Dulac—and Dulac was urging the men to disperse.

Bonbright listened. The man was talking sense! He was pointing out the folly of mob violence. He was showing them that it achieved nothing. But the mob was beyond the control of wise counsel. Possibly many of them had been drinking. And certainly there was present a leaven of toughs, idlers in no way connected with the business.

One of these, discreetly distant from the front, hurled half a brick into the line of police. It was a vicious suggestion. Other missiles followed, while the crowd surged forward. Suddenly the line of patrolmen opened to let through a squad of mounted police, who charged the mob.

It was a scene Bonbright could never erase from his memory.

The police drew back. The strikers hesitated. Between them, on the pavement, lay half a dozen human forms. Bonbright, his face as colorless as those who lay below, stared at the bodies. For what he saw *he* would be held responsible by the world. He ran down the steps, and began struggling through the mob.

"Let me through—let me through!"

He broke through to the front, quivering with horror. He must do something. He must stop it!

Then he was recognized.

"It's young Foote!" a man shouted, and snatched at his shoulder.

He shook the man off, but the cry was taken up:

"It's Foote—young Foote. Spying again."

The mob surged about him, striking, threatening, so that he had to turn his face toward them, to strike out with his fists. More than one man went down under his blows before he could break away and run toward the police.

"See what you've done!" he shouted in their faces. "This must stop!"

He advanced another step.

"Grab him!" ordered a sergeant.

Bonbright was promptly grabbed and hauled through the line of mounted police, to be thrown into the arms of waiting patrolmen. He fought as strength was given him to fight; but they carried him ungently, and hurled him a-sprawl upon the floor of a patrol wagon already well occupied by arrests from the mob.

"Git 'em to the station," the driver was ordered, and off lurched the patrol wagon.

THAT rapid ride brought cooling to Bonbright's head. He had made a fool of himself. He was ashamed, humiliated; and to be humiliated is no minor torture to a young man.

Instead of giving his name to the lieutenant on the desk, he refused to give a name, and was entered as John Doe. It was his confused thought to save his family from publicity and disgrace.

So he learned what it was to have barred doors shut upon him, to be alone in a square cell whose only furnishing was a sort of bench across one end. He sank upon this apathetically and waited for what morning should bring.

(To be continued next week)

What the War Has Meant to Armenia

Photograph from American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief

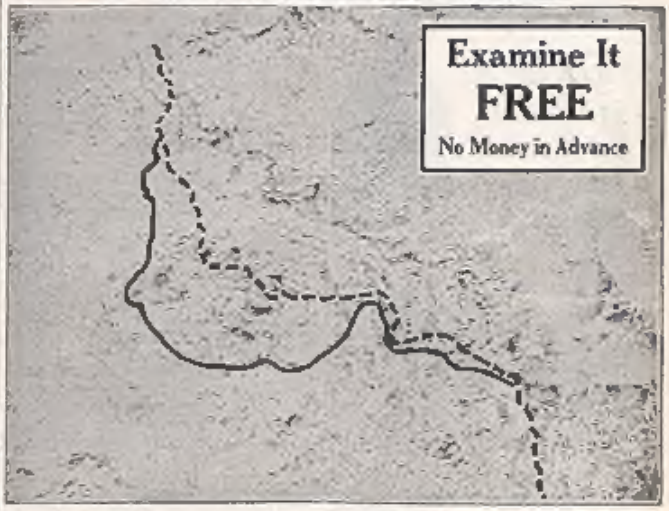
An Armenian mother sitting beside her dead children.

TEN years ago, when the Turks slew thousands of Armenians, the whole world broke into indignant protest. But almost nothing has been heard of the more terrible sufferings of Armenia to-day; its pitiful cup of woe has been covered up in the great and nearer sufferings of the nations closer to us. Here is a fleeting glimpse of what the war has meant to Armenia, as told by S. S. McClure in *Obstacles to Peace* (Houghton, Mifflin Company):

"It is almost impossible to visualize the new Turkish methods. While I can find no parallel in history to the fate of the Armenians,—and at this moment they are in the midst of their crucifixion.—I learned of an incident in Constantinople somewhat similar. Some years ago the authorities of Constantinople decided to get rid of the vast number of dogs that occupied every street. Instead of killing them outright, they removed the dogs to an island on the Sea of Marmora, not far from the city, where there was neither food nor water. All the dogs perished miserably. This is in substance what has happened to Armenia.

Published weekly by The Crowell Publishing Company at Springfield, Ohio. George H. Thees, President. Executive and editorial offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. N. Y. All rights reserved. Subscription terms in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico, and Cuba, $1.50 a year. In Canada, $1.75. Entered as second-class matter September 11, 1913, at the post-office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Most Complete Single Map of the Western Front



Follow the American Troops in France

THE photograph above is a reproduction of the most complete single map of the Western Front ever published. It is 28 x 36 inches in size, but folds into a convenient cover, 5½ x 7½ inches, just right to be carried conveniently in the pocket for frequent consultation. It is printed on excellent paper, and can be had mounted on cloth, if desired, at slight extra cost.

Most existing maps of the Western Front are valueless because they are not indexed, or because they do not contain the smaller places.

Over 7,000 Villages, Towns and Hamlets

On this new map there are shown more than 7,000 places. The State of Illinois contains about the same number of square miles as shown on this map, and in Illinois there are less than 1,700 places of 100 or more inhabitants.

In addition to over 7,000 towns, villages and hamlets, this new map gives all woods, fortresses, fortified towns, naval arsenals, forts, redoubts, batteries, aircraft depots, wireless stations and railways. The forests and woods are indicated in *green*, giving the map an attractive appearance, and adding a strategical feature of importance.

The scale of the map is *ten miles to the inch*. It extends west to Ashford, England; north to Antwerp, Belgium; east to Frankfort, Germany; and south to Orleans, France.

It shows for comparison the *battle line of 1914*, when the Germans were *almost at the gates of Paris*. *The ground gained by the Allies*, therefore, may be plainly seen.

It is without exception the most satisfactory map of the Western Front which has been engraved. It has been prepared especially to throw light on movements as they occur. It may be examined with ease, for the type is bold and clean cut.

A Complete Index Makes Locating Easy

An index of towns and villages accompanying a map of this kind has been proven an *absolute necessity*. The smaller towns are the ones usually mentioned in the news dispatches. They are not to be found on *ordinary maps*, and the locations of most of them were, and still are, utterly unknown to the general public, but *unless their locations are known* their strategical importance cannot be grasped.

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than searching all over the map for a small place that may or may not appear upon it. However, this *loss of time and patience is now at an end*, for the *index which accompanies this map* makes it *easily more useful and valuable*. The index contains *over* 7,000 names. An idea of the importance of this statement may be gained from the fact that 90 per cent of the war maps available today contain less than 500 names. This index is bound in with the map and enables one to locate *instantly any* one of the 7,000 places mentioned.

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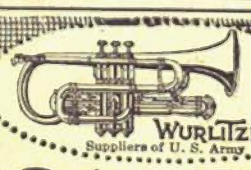

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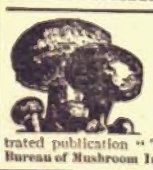

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Lincoln Pulled Through, and So Shall We

ONE of the wisest observations in the world was made by our old friend Mr. Dooley.

"Lookin' around me, I see many great changes takin' place," he said; "but lookin' back fifty years, I see hardly any change at all."

Unless one gets a certain perspective on what is taking place about him, his life will be one succession of panics.

It is necessary to take a long look; to realize that human nature does not change; that in any age the same set of circumstances will produce about the same results; and that, slowly but surely, certain great principles are working themselves out in the world.

This is the value of reading history. And right now is a good time to do a little reading of history; a few hours spent with a Life of Lincoln will be especially reassuring.

You are worried because the government at Washington seems so dawdling and ineffective.

See how Lincoln dawdled with the rebellion: postponing the relief of Sumter until it was too late; allowing things to drift while the South armed itself with government equipment and gained the advantage of superior preparation.

It depresses you to see a United States Senator making a vulgar attack upon a man like Herbert Hoover, who is sacrificing every personal interest to serve the nation.

All right. Before you give up hope, turn back and read the attacks that were made upon Lincoln.

Our enemies to-day are three thousand miles away; but the enemies of 1861 were at the very door of the Capital; and still Congressmen talked and Senators worried about their patronage.

Your faith in democracy is shaken because it seems impossible for the politicians to put aside their petty interests even in the face of national emergency.

Lincoln, wrestling with the problem of saving the Union, was so besieged by office-seeking politicians that he exclaimed: "If the twelve apostles were to be chosen again, I suppose they would have to be distributed according to geographical divisions."

And at another time he burst out upon a delegation of Senators who wanted Seward's head:

"You gentlemen, to hang Mr. Seward, would destroy the government!"

If the state of the public mind for the past five months were to be represented by a chart, the line would look like the record of a fever patient's temperature.

One day we are excited by reports of German weakness and Allied success; and up go our hopes of early peace. The next day, with no special developments, our thoughts turn to the inefficiencies of Washington, and we are thrown into deep despair.

A long view is necessary: the sooner we train ourselves to take it, the happier and more effective we will be.

The war will be won by the Allies, because democracy fights on their side, and the whole trend of the world since the Reformation has been toward democracy.

But it will have its ups and downs: there will be days of good news and days of bad. The wise man will hold his spirits in check on both days, looking toward the final result, and allowing himself to be neither unduly elated nor unduly depressed.

A monarchy, as some one said, is like a trim, tight yacht. It is easily handled, and those on board are dry and warm. But once it hits a reef it is a total loss.

A democracy is a raft; those on board have their feet in the water most of the time, but they can not sink.

The very things that serve to make us inefficient in war—free speech, unlimited debate, a government organized for peace instead of war—are the very things that make life worth living for us in normal times.

And one reason why we pray for the democratization of the world is *just because* democracies make war so ineptly. Our hope for the future is founded on this—that before two democracies can get in shape to hurt each other very much the passions of their people will cool.

Be patient with the ineptness, the inefficiencies, and the extravagances of democracy. Lincoln pulled through in spite of them; and so shall we.

Bruce Barton, Editor.